

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THREE HYMNS.

## I.—THE KING'S MESSENGER.

He goes in silence through the crowd ;  
 A veil is o'er his face ;  
 Yet where but once his eyes are turn'd  
 There is an empty space.  
 The whispering throngs divide and stir : —  
 'Tis he ! 'tis the King's Messenger !

— We may perforce buy off the thought,  
 Or stifle or ignore ;  
 The day at last will come on us  
 When day will come no more :  
 When on the spaces of the sky  
 We hardly lift a wearied eye.

When rising death-mists change and blot  
 Familiar features near ;  
 When we can give nor word nor sign,  
 Nor what they utter hear ;  
 When mother's tears no more are shed  
 For little faces round the bed ;

When Science folds her hands and sighs,  
 And cannot bridge the abyss ;  
 And that which once seem'd life seems nought  
 Before the enormous This ;  
 All days, all deeds, all passions past  
 Shrunk to a pin's point in the vast : —

Then face to face to meet the King  
 Behind his messenger : —  
 Oh ! could we truly grasp the scene,  
 Whilst youthful pulses stir,  
 With all our future to forgive,  
 We scarce could bear the thought, and live.

Thou who for us hath suffer'd death,  
 Remember we are men ;  
 Thou on the right hand of the throne,  
 Have mercy on us then ;  
 Thou from the King our pardon bear,  
 And be thyself his messenger.

## II.—THOROUGH.

" Infelix, quis me liberabit ? "

WE name thy name, O God,  
 As our God call on thee,  
 Though the dark heart meantime  
 Far from thy ways may be.

And we can own thy law,  
 And we can sing thy songs,  
 While the sad inner soul  
 To sin and shame belongs.

On us thy love may glow,  
 As the pure mid-day fire  
 On some foul spot look down ;  
 And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not thy fires,  
 The searching light and pain ;  
 Burn out our sin ; and, last,  
 With thy love heal again.

## III.—AD ALTARE.

" *Tanquam nihil habentes, et omnia possidentes.* "

ONCE man with man, now God with God above  
 us,  
 Loving us here, and after death to love us :  
 Enough is this for us, O Saviour dear ;  
 When to thine altar our faint feet draw near !

" Come unto me all that are heavy laden,  
 I will refresh you : mine is love unfading : "  
 It is enough ; we ask not where thou art,  
 Present in space, or in the trustful heart.

So long since thou wast here, that to our seem-  
 ing  
 Thou art like some fair vision seen in dreaming :  
 With glare and glow and turmoil, sigh and  
 shout,  
 The world rolls on, and seems to bar thee out.

To reason'd doubt we yield ourselves resign'dly ;  
 Yet in our path oft feel thy presence blindly ;  
 Life darkens into storm ; joys change and flee ;  
 Once more we wake, and find ourselves with  
 thee.

Behind the mid-day sky the stars are shining ;  
 Oh ! shine out on us in our sun's declining :  
 With loved ones lost, and loved ones yet to  
 quit,  
 Were this life all, we could not bear with it.

— Once man with man, now God with God  
 above us,  
 Who lov'st us here, and after death wilt love us ;  
 When to thine altar our faint feet draw near,  
 It is enough for us if thou art here.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

— Good Words.



## THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BISHOP'S FOLLY.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, there was a very remarkable man Bishop of Down in Ireland; a Liberal in politics in an age when Liberalism lay close on the confines of disloyalty, splendidly hospitable at a period when hospitality verged on utter recklessness, he carried all his opinions to extremes. He had great taste, which had been cultivated by foreign travel, and, having an ample fortune, was able to indulge in many whims and caprices, by which some were led to doubt of his sanity; but others, who judged him better, ascribed them to the self-indulgence of a man out of harmony with his time, and contemptuously indifferent to what the world might say of him.

He had passed many years in Italy, and had formed a great attachment to that country. He liked the people and their mode of life; he liked the old cities, so rich in art treasures, and so teeming with associations of a picturesque past; and he especially liked their villa architecture, which seemed so essentially suited to a grand and costly style of living. The great reception-rooms spacious and lofty; the ample antechambers, made for crowds of attendants; and the stairs wide enough for even equipages to ascend them. No more striking illustration of his capricious turn of mind need be given than the fact that it was his pleasure to build one of these magnificent edifices in an Irish county!—a costly whim, obliging him to bring over from Italy a whole troop of stucco-men and painters, men skilled in fresco-work and carving—an extravagance

on which he spent thousands. Nor did he live to witness the completion of his splendid mansion.

After his death, the building gradually fell into decay. His heirs, not improbably, little caring for a project which had engulfed so large a share of their fortune, made no efforts to arrest the destroying influences of time and climate; and "Bishop's Folly"—for such was the name given to it by the country-people—soon became a ruin. In some places, the roof had fallen in, the doors and windows had all been carried away by the peasants, and in many a cabin or humble shealing in the county around, slabs of coloured marble or fragments of costly carving might be met with, over which the skill of a cunning workman had been bestowed for days long. The mansion stood on the side of a mountain which sloped gradually to the sea. The demesne, well-wooded, but with young timber, was beautifully varied in surface, one deep glen running, as it were, from the very base of the house to the beach, and showing glimpses, through the trees, of a bright and rapid river tumbling onward to the sea. Seen in its dilapidation and decay, the aspect of the place was dreary and depressing, and led many to wonder how the bishop could ever have selected such a spot; for it was not only placed in the midst of a wild mountain region, but many miles away from any thing that could be called a neighbourhood. But the same haughty defiance he gave the world in other things urged him here to show that he cared little for the judgments which might be passed upon him, or even for the circumstances which would have influenced other men. "When it is my pleasure to receive com-

pany, I shall have my house full, no matter where I live," was his haughty speech; and certainly the whole character of his life went to confirm his words.

Some question of disputed title, after the bishop's death, threw the estate into chancery, and so it remained, till, by the operation of the new law touching encumbered property, it became marketable, and was purchased by a rich London banker, who had declared his intention of coming to live upon it.

That any one rich enough to buy such a property, able to restore such a costly house, and maintain a style of living proportionate to its pretensions, could come to reside in the solitude and obscurity of an Irish county seemed all but impossible; and when the matter became assured by the visit of a well-known architect, and afterwards by the arrival of a troop of workmen, the puzzle then became to guess how it chanced that the great head of a rich banking firm, the chairman of this, the director of that, the promoter of Heaven-knows-what scores of industrial schemes for fortune, should withdraw from the great bustle of life to accept an existence of complete oblivion.

In the little village of Portshandon,—which straggled along the beach, and where, with a few exceptions, none but fishermen and their families lived,—this question was hotly debated; an old half-pay lieutenant, who by courtesy was called captain, being at the head of those who first denied the possibility of the Bramleights coming at all, and, when that matter was removed beyond a doubt, next taking his stand on the fact that nothing short of some disaster in fortune, or some aspersion on character, could ever have driven a man out of the great world to finish his days in the exile of Ireland.

"I suppose you'll give in at last, Captain Craufurd," said Mrs. Bayley, the postmistress of Portshandon, as she pointed to a pile of letters and newspapers all addressed to "Castello," and which more than quadrupled the other correspondence of the locality.

"I didn't pretend they were not coming, Mrs. Bayley," said he, in the cracked and cantankerous tone he invariably spoke in. "I simply observed that I'd be thankful for any one telling me why they were coming. That's the puzzle,—why they're coming?"

"I suppose because they like it, and they can afford it," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Like it!" cried he, in derision. "Like it! Look out of the window there beside

you, Mrs. Bayley, and say, isn't it a lovely prospect, that beggarly village, and the old rotten boats, keel uppermost, with the dead fish and the oyster-shells, and the torn nets, and the dirty children? Isn't it an elegant sight after Hyde Park and the Queen's palace?"

"I never saw the Queen's palace nor the other place you talk of; but I think there's worse towns to live in than Portshandon."

"And do they think they'll make it better by calling it Castello?" said he, as, with a contemptuous gesture, he threw from him one of the newspapers with this address. "If they want to think they're in Italy, they ought to come down here in November with the Channel fogs sweeping up through the mountains, and the wind beating the rain against the windows. I hope they'll think they're in Naples. Why can't they call the place by the name we all know it by? It was Bishop's Folly when I was a boy, and it will be Bishop's Folly after I'm dead."

"I suppose people can call their house whatever they like? Nobody objects to your calling your place Craufurd's Lea."

"I'd like to see them object to it," cried he, fiercely. "It's Craufurd's Lea in Digge's *Survey of Down*, 1714. It's Craufurd's Lea in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, and it's down, too, in Joyce's *Irish Fisheries*; and we were Craufurds of Craufurd's Lea before one stone of that big barrack up there was laid, and maybe we'll be so after it's a ruin again."

"I hope it's not going to be a ruin any more, Captain Craufurd, all the same," said the postmistress, tartly; for she was not disposed to undervalue the increased importance the neighbourhood was about to derive from the rich family coming to live in it.

"Well, there's one thing I can tell you, Mrs. Bayley," said he, with his usual grin. "The devil a bit of Ireland they'd ever come to, if they could live in England. Mind my words, and see if they'll not come true. It's either the Bank is in a bad way, or this or that company is going to smash, or it's his wife has run away, or one of the daughters married the footman,—something or other has happened, you'll see, or we would never have the honour of their distinguished company down here."

"It's a bad wind blows nobody good," said Mrs. Bayley. "It's luck for us, anyhow."

"I don't perceive the luck of it either, ma'am," said the captain, with increased peevishness. "Chickens will be eighteenpence a couple, eggs a halfpenny a piece. I'd like to know what you'll pay for a cod,



fish, such as I bought yesterday for fourpence?"

"It's better for them that has to sell them."

"Ay, but I'm talking of them that has to buy them, ma'am; and I'm thinking how a born gentleman with a fixed income is to compete with one of these fellows that gets his gold from California at market price, and makes more out of one morning's robbery on the Stock Exchange than a Lieutenant-General receives after thirty years' service."

A sharp tap at the window-pane interrupted the discussion at this critical moment, and Mrs. Bayley perceived it was Mr. Dorose, Colonel Bramleigh's valet, who had come for the letters for the great house.

"Only these, Mrs. Bayley?" said he half contemptuously.

"Well, indeed, sir; it's a good-sized bundle after all. There's eleven letters, and about fifteen papers, and two books."

"Send them all on to Brighton, Mrs. Bayley. We shall not come down here till the end of the month. Just give me *The Times*, however;" and, tearing open the cover, he turned to the City article. "I hope you've nothing in Ecuador, Mrs. Bayley? they look shaky. I'm 'hit,' too, in my Turks. I see no dividend this half." Here he leaned forward, so as to whisper in her ear, and said, "Whenever you want a snug thing, Mrs. B., you're always safe with Brazilians;" and with this he moved off, leaving the postmistress in a flurry of shame and confusion as to what precise character of transaction his counsel implied.

"Upon my conscience, we're come to a pretty pass!" exclaimed the captain, as, buttoning his coat, he issued forth into the street; nor was his temper much improved by finding the way blocked up by a string of carts and drays, slowly proceeding towards the great house, all loaded with furniture and kitchen utensils, and the other details of a large household. A bystander remarked that four saddle-horses had passed through at daybreak, and one of the grooms had said, "It was nothing to what was coming in a few days."

Two days after this, and quite unexpectedly by all, the village awoke to see a great flag waving from the flagstaff over the chief tower of Castello; and the tidings were speedily circulated that the great people had arrived. A few sceptics, determining to decide the point for themselves, set out to go up to the house; but the lodge gate was closed, and the gatekeeper answered them from behind it, saying that no visitors were to be admitted, — a small incident, in its way,

but after all, it is by small incidents that men speculate on the tastes and tempers of a new dynasty.

## CHAPTER II.

### LADY AUGUSTA'S LETTER.

It will save some time, both to writer and reader, while it will also serve to explain certain particulars about those we are interested in, if I give in this place a letter which was written by Lady Augusta Bramleigh, the Colonel's young wife, to a married sister at Rome. It ran thus: —

"HANOVER SQUARE, NOV. 10, 18—.

"DEAREST DOROTHY,—

"HERE we are back in town, at a season, too, when we find ourselves the only people left; and if I wanted to make a long story of how it happens, there is the material; but it is precisely what I desire to avoid, and, at the risk of being barely intelligible, I will be brief. We have left Earlshope, and, indeed, Herefordshire, for good. Our campaign there was a social failure, but just such a failure as I predicted it would and must be; and although, possibly, I might have liked to have been spared some of the mortifications we met with, I am too much pleased with the results to quarrel over the means.

"You are already in possession of what we intended by the purchase of Earlshope — how we meant to become county magnates, marry our sons and daughters to neighbouring magnates, and live as though we had been rooted to the soil for centuries. I say 'we,' my dear, because I am too good a wife to separate myself from Col. B. in all these projects; but I am fain to own that as I only saw defeat in the plan, I opposed it from the first. Here, in town, money will do anything; at least, any thing that one has any right to do. There may be a set or a clique to which it will not give admission; but who wants them? who needs them?

"There's always a wonderful Van Eyck or a Memling in a Dutch town, to obtain the sight of which you have to petition the authorities, or implore the Stadtholder; but I never knew any one admit that success repaid the trouble; and the chances are, that you come away from the sight fully convinced that you have seen scores of old pictures exactly like it, and that all that could be said was, it was as brown and as dusky, and as generally disappointing, as its fellows. So it is with these small exclusive

societies. It may be a great triumph of ingenuity to pick the lock; but there's nothing in the coffer to reward it. I repeat, then, with money—and we had money—London was open to us. All the more, too, that, for some years back, society has taken a speculative turn; and it is nothing derogatory to fine people 'to go in,' as it is called, for a good thing, in 'Turks' or 'Brazilians,' in patent fuel, or a new loan to the children of Egypt. To these, and such like, your city man and banker is esteemed a safe pilot; and you would be amused at the amount of attention Col. B. was accustomed to meet with from men who regarded themselves as immeasurably above him, and who, all question of profit apart, would have hesitated at admitting him to their acquaintance.

"I tell you all these very commonplace truths, my dear Dorothy, because they may not, indeed cannot, be such truisms to you—you, who live in a grand old city, with noble traditions, and the refinements that come transmitted from centuries of high habits; and I feel, as I write, how puzzled you will often be to follow me. London was, as I have twice said, our home; but for that very reason we could not be content with it. Earlschope, by ill-luck, was for sale, and we bought it. I am afraid to tell you the height of our castle-building; but, as we were all engaged, the work went on briskly, every day adding at least a story to the edifice. We were to start as high-sheriff, then represent the county. I am not quite clear, I think we never settled the point, as to the lord-lieutenancy; but I know the exact way, and the very time, in which we demanded our peerage. How we threatened to sulk, and did sulk; how we actually sat a whole night on the back benches; and how we made our eldest son dance twice with a daughter of the 'Opposition,'—menaces that no intelligent Cabinet or conscientious 'whip' could for a moment misunderstand. And oh! my dear Dora, as I write these things, how forcibly I feel the prudence of that step which once we all were so ready to condemn you for having taken! You were indeed right to marry a foreigner. That an English girl should address herself to the married life of England, the first condition is she should never have left England, not even for that holiday-trip to Paris and Switzerland, which people now do, as once they were wont to 'do Margate.' The whole game of existence is such a scramble with us: we scramble for social rank, for place, for influence, for Court favour, for patronage; and all these call for so much intrigue and plotting, that I vow to you I'd

as soon be a Carbonara or a Sanfedista as the wife of an aspiring middle-class Englishman.

"But to return. The county would not have us—we were rich, and we were city folk, and they deemed it an unpardonable pretension in us to come down amongst them. They refused our invitations, and sent us none of their own. We split with them, contested the election against them, and got beaten. We spent unheard-of monies, and bribed everybody that had not a vote for ten miles round. With universal suffrage, which I believe we promised them, we should have been at the head of the poll; but the freeholders were to a man opposed to us.

"I am told that our opponents behaved ungenerously and unjustly—perhaps they did; at all events, the end of the contest left us without a single acquaintance, and we stood alone in our glory of beaten candidature, after three months of unheard-of fatigue, and more meanness than I like to mention. The end of all was, to shake the dust off our feet at Herefordshire, and advertise Earlschope for sale. Meanwhile we returned to town; just as shipwrecked men clamber up the first rock in sight, not feeling in their danger what desolation is before them. I take it that the generals of a beaten army talk very little over their late defeat. At all events, we observed a most scrupulous reserve, and I don't think that a word was dropped amongst us for a month that could have led a stranger to believe that we had just been beaten in an election, and hunted out of the county.

"I was just beginning to feel that our lesson, a severe one, it is true, might redound to our future benefit, when our eldest-born—I call them all mine, Dora, though not one of them will say mamma to me—discovered that there was an Irish estate to be sold, with a fine house, and fine grounds, and that, if we couldn't be great folk in the grander kingdom, there was no saying what we might not be in the smaller one. This was too much for me. I accepted the Herefordshire expedition, because it smacked of active service. I knew well we should be defeated, and I knew there would be a battle; but I could not consent to banishment. What had I done, I asked myself over and over, that I should be sent to live in Ireland?

"I tried to get up a party against the project, and failed. Augustus Bramleigh—our heir—was in its favour, indeed, its chief promoter. Temple, the second son, who is a secretary of embassy, and the most insufferable of puppies, thought it a 'nice place

for us,' and certain to save us money; and John, — Jack, they call him, — who is in the navy, thinks land to be land; besides that, he was once stationed at Cork, and thought it a paradise. If I could do little with the young men, I did less with the girls. Marion, the eldest, who deems her papa a sort of divine-right head of a family, would not discuss the scheme; and Eleanor, who goes in for nature and spontaneous feeling, replied that she was overjoyed at the thought of Ireland, and even half gave me to understand that she was only sorry it was not Africa. I was thus driven to a last resource. I sent for our old friend, Doctor Bartlet, and told him frankly that he must order me abroad to a dry warm climate, where there were few changes of temperature, and nothing depressing in the air. He did the thing to perfection; he called in Forbes to consult with him. The case was very serious, he said. The lung was not yet attacked; but the bronchial tubes were affected. Oh, how grateful I felt to my dear bronchial tubes, for they have sent me to Italy! Yes, Dolly dearest, I am off on Wednesday, and hope within a week after this reaches you to be at your side, pouring out all my sorrows, and asking for that consolation you never yet refused me. And now, to be eminently practical, can you obtain for me that beautiful little villa that overlooked the Borghese Gardens? — it was called the Villino Altieri. The old Prince Giuseppe Altieri, who used to be an adorer of mine, if he be alive may like to resume his ancient passion, and accept me for a tenant; all the more that I can afford to be liberal. Col. B. behaves well always where money enters. I shall want servants, as I only mean to take from this, Rose and my groom. You know the sort of creatures I like; but, for any sake, be particular about the cook — I can't eat 'Romanesque' — and if there be a stray Frenchman wandering about, secure him. Do you remember dear old Pauletti, Dolly, who used to serve up those delicious little macaroni suppers long ago in our own room? — cheating us into gourmandism by the trick of deceit! Oh, what would I give to be as young again! to be soaring up to heaven, as I listened with closed eyes to the chaunt in the Sistine chapel, or ascending to another elysium of delight, as I gazed at the 'noble guard' of the Pope, who, while his black charger was caracoling, and he was holding on by the mane, yet managed to dart towards me such a look of love and devotion! and you remember, Dolly, we lived 'secondo piano,' at the time, and it was plucky of the man, con-

sidering how badly he rode. I yearn to go back there. I yearn for those sunsets from the Pincian, and those long rambling rides over the Campagna, leading to nothing but an everlasting dreaminess, and an intense desire that one could go on day after day in the same delicious life of unreality; for it is so, Dolly. Your Roman existence is as much a trance as any thing ever was — not a sight nor sound to shock it. The swell of the organ and the odour of the incense follow you even to your pleasures, and just as the light streams in through the painted windows with its radiance of gold and amber and rose, so does the Church tinge with its mellow lustre all that goes on within its shadow. And how sweet and soothing it all is! I don't know, I cannot know, if it lead to heaven; but it certainly goes in that direction, so far as peace of mind is concerned. What has become of Carlo Lambruschini? is he married? How good-looking he was, and how he sung! I never heard Mario without thinking of him. How is it that our people never have that velvety softness in their tenor voices? there is no richness, no latent depth of tone, and consequently no power of expression. Will his Eminence of the Palazzo Antinori know me again? I was only a child when he saw me last, and used to give me his 'benedizione.' Be sure you bespeak for me the same condescending favour again, Heretic though I be. Don't be shocked, dearest Dora, but I mean to be half converted, that is, to have a sort of serious flirtation with the Church; something that is to touch my affections, and yet not wound my principles; something that will surround me with all the fervour of the faith, and yet not ask me to sign the ordinances. I hope I can do this. I eagerly hope it, for it will supply a void in my heart which certainly neither the money article, nor the share list, nor even the details of a county contest, have sufficed to fill. Where is poor little Santa Rosa and his guitar? I want them, Dolly — I want them both. His little tinkling barcaroles were as pleasant as the drop of a fountain on a sultry night; and am I not a highly imaginative creature, who can write of a sultry night in this land of fog, east wind, gust, and gas-light? How my heart bounds to think how soon I shall leave it! How I could travesty the refrain, and cry, 'Rendez moi mon passeport, ou laissez moi mourir.' And now, Dolly, darling, I have done. Secure me the villa, engage my people. Tanti Saluti to the dear cardinal, — as many loves to all who are kind enough to remember me. Send me a *lascia-passare* for my luggage —

it is voluminous — to the care of the consul at Civita Vecchia, and tell him to look out for me by the arrival of the French boat, somewhere about the 20th or 21st; he can be useful with the custom-house creatures, and obtain me a carriage all to myself in the train.

"It is always more 'carino' to talk of a husband at the last line of a letter; and so I say, give dear Tino all my loves, quite apart and distinct from my other legacies of the like nature. Tell him I am more tolerant than I used to be — he will know my meaning — that I make paper cigarettes just as well, and occasionally, when in high good-humour, even condescend to smoke one too. Say also, that I have a little chestnut cob, quiet enough for his riding, which shall be always at his orders; that he may dine with me every Sunday, and have one dish — I know well what it will be, I smell the garlic of it even now — of his own dictating; and, if these be not enough, add that he may make love to me during the whole of Lent; and with this, believe me

"Your own doting sister

"AUGUSTA BRAMLEIGH."

After much thought and many misgivings, I deemed it advisable to offer to take one of the girls with me, leaving it open, to mark my indifference, as to which it should be. They both, however, refused, and to my intense relief, declared that they did not care to come abroad; Augustus also protesting that it was a plan he could not approve of. The diplomatist alone opined that the project had any thing to recommend it: but as his authority, like my own, in the family, carries little weight, we were happily outvoted. I have, therefore, the supreme satisfaction — and is it not such? — of knowing that I have done the right thing, and it has cost me nothing; like those excellent people who throw very devout looks towards heaven, without the remotest desire to be there."

### CHAPTER III.

#### "THE EVENING AFTER A HARD RUN."

It was between eight and nine o'clock of a wintry evening near Christmas: a cold drizzle of rain was falling, which on the mountains might have been snow, as Mr. Drayton, the butler at the great house, as Castello was called in the village, stood austere with his back to the fire in the dining-room, and, as he surveyed the table, wondered within himself what could possibly have detained the young gentlemen so late.

The hounds had met that day about eight miles off, and Colonel Bramleigh had actually put off dinner half an hour for them, but to no avail; and now Mr. Drayton, whose whole personal arrangements for the evening had been so thoughtlessly interfered with, stood there musing over the wayward nature of youth, and inwardly longing for the time when, retiring from active service, he should enjoy the ease and indulgence his long life of fatigue and hardship had earned.

"They're coming now, Mr. Drayton," said a livery-servant, entering hastily. "George saw the light of their cigars as they came up the avenue."

"Bring in the soup, then, at once, and send George here with another log for the fire. There'll be no dressing for dinner to-day, I'll be bound;" and imparting a sort of sarcastic bitterness to his speech, he filled himself a glass of sherry at the sideboard and tossed it off; only just in time, for the door opened, and a very noisy, merry party of four entered the room, and made for the fire.

"As soon as you like, Drayton," said Augustus, the eldest Bramleigh, a tall, good-looking, but somewhat stern-featured man of about eight and twenty. The second, Temple Bramleigh, was middle-sized, with a handsome but somewhat over-delicate-looking face, to which a simpering affectation of imperturbable self-conceit gave a sort of puppyism; while the youngest, Jack, was a bronzed, bright-eyed, fine-looking fellow, manly, energetic, and determined, but with a sweetness when he smiled and showed his good teeth that implied a soft and very impressionable nature. They were all in scarlet coats, and presented a group strikingly good-looking and manly. The fourth of the party was, however, so eminently handsome, and so superior in expression as well as lineament, that the others seemed almost vulgar beside him. He was in black coat and cords, a checked cravat seeming to indicate that he was verging, so far as he might, on the limits of hunting costume; for George L'Estrange was in orders, and the curate of the parish in which Castello stood. It is not necessary to detain the reader by any lengthened narrative of the handsome young parson. Enough to say, that it was not all from choice he had entered the Church, — narrow fortune, and the hope of a small family living, decided him to adopt a career which to one who had the passion for field-sports seemed the very last to gratify his tastes. As a horseman he was confessedly the first in the country round; although his one horse — he was unable to keep a second — condemned

him to rare appearance at the meets. The sight of the parson, and his black mare Nora Creina, in the field, were treated with a cheer, for he was a universal favourite; and if a general suffrage could have conferred the episcopate, George would have had his mitre many a day ago.

So sure a seat and so perfect a hand needed never to have wanted a mount. There was not a man with a stable who would not have been well pleased to see his horse ridden by such a rider; but L'Estrange declined all such offers—a sensitive fear of being called a hunting parson deterred him; indeed it was easy to see by the rarity with which he permitted himself the loved indulgence, what a struggle he maintained between will and temptation, and how keenly he felt the sacrifice he imposed upon himself.

Such, in brief, was the party who were now seated at table, well pleased to find themselves in presence of an admirable dinner, in a room replete with every comfort. The day's run, of course, formed the one topic of their talk, and a great deal of merriment went on about the sailor-like performances of Jack, who had been thrown twice, but on the whole acquitted himself creditably, and had taken one high bank so splendidly as to win a cheer from all who saw him.

"I wish you had not asked that poor Frenchman to follow you, Jack," said Augustus; "he was really riding very nicely till he came to that unlucky fence."

"I only cried out, 'Venez donc, monsieur,' and when I turned my head, after clearing the bank, I saw his horse with his legs in the air, and monsieur underneath."

"When I picked him up," broke in L'Estrange, "he said, 'Merci, mille fois, monsieur,' and then fainted off, the poor fellow's face actually wearing the smile of courtesy he had got up to thank me."

"Why will Frenchmen try things that are quite out of their beat?" said Jack.

"That's a most absurd prejudice of yours, Master Jack," cried the diplomatist. "Frenchmen ride admirably, nowadays. I've seen a steeple-chase in Normandy, over as stiff a course, and as well ridden, as ever Leicestershire witnessed."

"Yes, yes; I've heard all that," said the sailor, "just as I've heard that their iron fleet is as good, if not better than our own."

"I think our own newspapers rather hint that," said L'Estrange.

"They do more," said Temple; "they prove it. They show a numerical superiority in ships, and they give an account of guns, and weight of metal dead against us."

"I'll not say anything of the French; but this much I will say," cried the sailor: "the question will have to be settled one of these days, and I'm right glad to think that it cannot be done by writers in newspapers."

"May I come in?" cried a soft voice; and a very pretty head, with long fair ringlets, appeared at the door.

"Yes, come by all means," said Jack; "perhaps we shall be able, by your help, to talk of something besides fighting Frenchmen."

While he spoke, L'Estrange had risen, and approached to shake hands with her.

"Sit down with us, Nelly," said Augustus, "or George will get no dinner."

"Give me a chair, Drayton," said she; and, turning to her brother, added, "I only came in to ask some tidings about an unlucky foreigner; the servants have it he was cruelly hurt, some think hopelessly."

"There's the culprit who did the mischief," said Temple, pointing to Jack; "let him recount his feat."

"I'm not to blame in the least, Nelly. I took a smashing high bank, and the little Frenchman tried to follow, me and came to grief."

"Ay, but you challenged him to come on," said Temple. "Now, Master Jack, people don't do that sort of thing in the hunting-field."

"I said, 'Come along, monsieur,' to give him pluck. I never thought for a moment he was to suffer for it."

"But is he seriously hurt?" asked she.

"I think not," said L'Estrange. "He seemed to me more stunned than actually injured. Fortunately for him they had not far to take him, for the disaster occurred quite close to Duckett's Wood, where he is stopping."

"Is he at Longworth's?" asked Augustus.

"Yes. Longworth met him up the Nile, and they travelled together for some months, and when they parted, it was agreed they were to meet here at Christmas; and though Longworth had written to apprise his people they were coming, he has not appeared himself, and the Frenchman is waiting patiently for his host's arrival."

"And laming his best horse in the meanwhile. That dark bay will never do another day with hounds," said Temple.

"She was shaky before; but she is certainly not the better of this day's work. I'd feed her, and turn her out for a full year," said Augustus.

"I suppose that's another of those things in which the French are our superiors," muttered Jack. "But I suspect I'd think



twice about it before I'd install myself in a man's house, and ride his horses in his absence."

"It was the host's duty to be there to receive him," said Temple, who was always on the watch to make the sailor feel how little he knew of society and its ways.

"I hope when you've finished your wine," said Ellen, "you'll not steal off to bed, as you did the other night, without ever appearing in the drawing-room."

"L'Estrange shall go at all events," cried Augustus. "The church shall represent the laity."

"I'm not in trim to enter a drawing-room, Miss Bramleigh," said the curate, blushing. "I wouldn't dare to present myself in such a costume."

"I declare," said Jack, "I think it becomes you better than your Sunday rig; don't you, Nelly?"

"Papa will be greatly disappointed, Mr. L'Estrange, if he should not see you," said she, rising to leave the room. "He wants to hear all about your day's sport, and especially about that poor Frenchman. Do you know his name?"

"Yes, here's his card, — Anatole de Pracental."

"A good name," said Temple; "but the fellow himself looks a snob."

"I call that very hard," said Jack, "to say what any fellow looks like when he is covered with slush and dirt, his hat smashed, and his mouth full of mud."

"Don't forget that we expect to see you," said Ellen, with a nod and a smile, to the curate, and left the room.

"And who or what is Mr. Longworth?" said Temple.

"I never met him. All I know is, that he owns that very ugly red brick house, with the three gables in front, on the hill-side as you go towards Newry," said Augustus.

"I think I can tell you something about him," said the parson; "his father was my grandfather's agent. I believe he began as his steward, when we had property in this county; he must have been a shrewd sort of man, for he raised himself from a very humble origin to become a small estated proprietor and justice of the peace; and when he died, about four years ago, he left Philip Longworth something like a thousand a year in landed property, and some ready money besides."

"And this Longworth, as you call him, — what is he like?"

"A good sort of fellow, who would be better if he was not possessed by a craving am-

bition to know fine people, and move in their society. Not being able to attain the place he aspires to in his own county, he has gone abroad, and affects to have a horror of English life and ways, the real grievance being his own personal inability to meet acceptance in a certain set. This is what I hear of him: my own knowledge is very slight. I have ever found him well-mannered and polite, and, except a slight sign of condescension, I should say pleasant."

"I take it," said the sailor, "he must be an arrant snob."

"Not necessarily, Jack," said Temple. "There is nothing ignoble in a man's desire to live with the best people, if he do nothing mean to reach that goal."

"Whom do you call the best people, Temple?" asked the other.

"By the best people, I mean the first in rank and station. I am not speaking of their moral excellence, but of their social superiority, and of that pre-eminence which comes of an indisputable position, high name, fortune, and the world's regards. These I call the best people to live with."

"And I do not," said Jack, rising, and throwing his napkin on the table, "not at least for men like myself. I want to associate with my equals. I want to mix with men who cannot overbear me by any accident of their wealth or title."

"Jack should never have gone into the navy, that's clear," said Augustus, laughing; "but let us draw round the fire and have a cigar."

"You'll have to pay your visit to the drawing-room, L'Estrange," said Jack, "before we begin to smoke; for the governor hates tobacco, and detects it in an instant."

"I declare," said the parson, as he looked at his splashed cords and dirty boots, "I have no courage to present myself in such a trim as this."

"Report yourself and come back at once," said Jack.

"I'd say, don't go in at all," said Temple.

"That's what I should do, certainly," said Augustus. "Sit down here. What are you drinking? This is Pomare, and better than claret of a cold evening."

And the curate yielded to the soft persuasion; and, seated around the fire, the young men talked horses, dogs, and field-sports, till the butler came to say that tea was served in the drawing-room, when, rising, they declared themselves too tired to stay up longer, and wishing each other good-night, they sauntered up to their rooms to bed.



## CHAPTER IV.

## ON THE CROQUET LAWN.

THE day after a hard run, like the day after a battle, is often spent in endeavours to repair the disasters of the struggle. So was it here. The young men passed the morning in the stables, or going back and forward with bandages and liniments. There was a tendon to be cared for, a sore back to be attended to. Benbo, too, wouldn't feed; the groom said he had got a surfeit; which malady, in stable parlance, applies to excess of work, as well as excess of diet.

Augustus Bramleigh was, as becomes an eldest son, grandly imperious and dictatorial, and looked at his poor discomfited beast, as he stood with hanging head and heaving flanks, as though to say it was a disgraceful thing for an animal that had the honour to carry him to look so craven and disheartened. Temple, with the instincts of his craft and calling, cared little for the past, and took but small interest in the horse that was not likely to be soon of use to him; while Jack, with all a sailor's energy, worked away manfully, and assisted the grooms in every way he could. It was at the end of a very active morning, that Jack was returning to the house, when he saw L'Estrange's pony-chaise at the door, with black Nora in the shafts, as fresh and hearty to all seeming as though she had not carried her heavy owner through one of the stiffest runs of the season only the day before.

"Is your master here, Bill?" asked Jack of the small urchin, who barely reached the bar of the bit.

"No, sir; it's Miss Julia has driv' over. Master's fishing this morning."

Now, Julia L'Estrange was a very pretty girl, and with a captivation of manner which to the young sailor was irresistible. She had been brought up in France, and imbibed that peculiar quiet coquetry which, in its quaint demureness, suggests just enough doubt of its sincerity to be provocative. She was dark enough to be a Spaniard from the south of Spain, and her long black eyelashes were darker even than her eyes. In her walk and her gesture, there was that also which reminded one of Spain: the same blended liteness and dignity; and there was a firmness in her tread which took nothing from its elasticity.

When Jack heard that she was in the house, instead of hurrying in to meet her, he sat moodily down on the steps of the door, and lighted his cigar. "What's the use?" muttered he; and the same depressing sen-

tence recurred to him again and again. They are very dark moments in life in which we have to confess to ourselves, that, fight how we may, fate must beat us; that the very utmost we can do is to maintain a fierce struggle with destiny, but that in the end we must succumb. The more frequently poor Jack saw her, the more hopelessly he felt his lot. What was he, what could he ever be, to aspire to such a girl as Julia? Was not the very presumption a thing to laugh at? He thought of how his elder brother would entertain such a notion; the cold solemnity with which he would ridicule his pretensions; and then Temple would treat him to some profound reflections on the misery of poor marriages; while Marion would chime in with some cutting reproaches on the selfishness with which, to gratify a caprice — she would call it a caprice — he ignored the just pretensions of his family, and the imperative necessity that pressed them to secure their position in the world by great alliances. This was Marion's code; it took three generations to make a family; the first must be wealthy; the second, by the united force of money and ability, secure a certain station of power and social influence; the third must fortify these by marriages, — marriages of distinction, after which mere time would do the rest.

She had hoped much from her father's second marriage, and was grievously disappointed on finding how her stepmother's family affected displeasure at the match as a reason for coldness towards them; while Lady Augusta herself as openly showed that she had stooped to the union merely to secure herself against the accidents of life, and raise her above the misery of living on a very small income.

Jack was thinking moodily over all these things as he sat there, and with such depression of spirit, that he half resolved, instead of staying out his full leave, to return to his ship at Portsmouth, and so forget shore life and all its fascinations. He heard the sound of a piano, and, shortly after, the rich delicious tones of Julia's voice. It was that mellow quality of sound musicians call mezzo soprano, whose gift it is to steal softly over the senses, and steep them in a sweet rapture of peaceful delight. As the strains floated out, he felt as though the measure of incantation was running over for him, and he arose with a bound, and hurried off into the wood. "I'll start to-morrow. I'll not let this folly master me," muttered he. "A fellow who can't stand up against his own fancies is not worth his salt. I'll go on board again and think of my duty;" and he

tried to assure himself, that, of all living men, a sailor had least excuse for such weaknesses as these.

He had not much sympathy with the family ambitions. He thought that as they had wealth enough to live well and handsomely, a good station in the world, and not any one detracting element from their good-luck, either as regarded character or health, it was downright ingratitude to go in search of disappointments and defeats. It was, to his thinking, like a ship with plenty of sea-room rushing madly on to her ruin amongst the breakers. "I think Nelly is of my own mind," said he; "but who can say how long she will continue to be so? These stupid notions of being great folk will get hold of her at last. The high-minded Marion and that great genius Temple are certain to prevail in the end; and I shall always be a splendid example to point at and show the melancholy consequences of degenerate tastes and ignoble ambitions."

The sharp trot of a horse on the gravel road beside him startled him in his musings, and the pony-carriage whisked rapidly by; Augustus driving, and Julia at his side. She was laughing. Her merry laugh rang out above the brisk jingle of horse and harness, and to the poor sailor it sounded like the knell of all his hopes. "What a confounded fool I was not to remember I had an elder brother!" said he bitterly. That he added something inaudible about the perfidious nature of girls is possibly true; but, not being in evidence, it is not necessary to record it.

Let us turn from the disconsolate youth to what is, certes, a prettier picture, — the croquet lawn behind the house, where the two sisters, with the accomplished Temple, were engaged at a game.

"I hope, girls," said he, in one of his very finest draws, "the future head of house and hopes is not going to make a precious fool of himself."

"You mean with the curate's sister," said Marion with a saucy toss of her head. "I scarcely think he could be so absurd."

"I can't see the absurdity," broke in Ellen. "I think a duke might make her a duchess, and no great condescension in the act."

"Quite true, Nelly," said Temple; "that's exactly what a duke might do; but Mr. Bramleigh cannot. When you are at the top of the ladder, there's nothing left for you but to come down again; but the man at the bottom has to try to go up."

"But why must there be a ladder at all, Temple?" asked she eagerly.

"Isn't that speech Nelly all over?" cried Marion haughtily.

"I hope it is," said Ellen, "if it serves to convey what I faithfully believe, — that we are great fools in not enjoying a very pleasant lot in life instead of addressing ourselves to ambitions far and away beyond us."

"And which be they?" asked Temple, crossing his arms over his mallet, and standing like a soldier on guard.

"To be high and titled, or, if not titled, to be accepted amongst that class, and treated as their equals in rank and condition."

"And why not, Nelly? What is this wonderful ten thousand that we all worship? Whence is it recruited, and how? These double wallflowers are not of Nature's making; they all come of culture, of fine mould, careful watering, and good gardening. They were single-petaled once on a time, like ourselves. Mind, it is no radical says this, girls — 'moi qui vous parle' am no revolutionist, no leveller! I like these grand conditions, because they give existence its best stimulus, its noblest aspirations. The higher one goes in life — as on a mountain — the more pure the air, and the wider the view."

"And do you mean to tell me that Augustus would consult his happiness better in marrying some fine lady, like our grand stepmamma, for instance, than a charming girl like Julia?" said Ellen.

"If Augustus' notions of happiness were to be measured by mine, I should say yes, unquestionably yes. Love is a very fleeting sentiment. The cost of the article, too, suggests most uncomfortable reflection. All the more as the memory comes when the acquisition itself is beginning to lose value. My former chief at Munich — the cleverest man of the world I ever met — used to say, as an investment, a pretty wife was a mistake. 'If,' said he, 'you laid out your money on a picture, your venture might turn out a bargain; if you bought a colt, your two-year-old might win a Derby; but your beauty of to-day will be barely good-looking in five years, and will be a positive fright in fifteen.'"

"Your accomplished friend was an odious beast!" said Nelly. "What was his name, Temple?"

"Lord Culduff. One of the first diplomatists in Europe."

"Culduff? How strange! Papa's agent, Mr. Harding, mentioned the name at breakfast. He said there was a nobleman come over from Germany to see his estates in the north of Down, where they had some hopes of having discovered coal."

"Is it possible Lord Culduff could be in our neighbourhood? The governor must ask him here at once," said Temple, with an animation of manner most unusual with him. "There must be no time lost about this. Finish your game without me, girls, for this matter is imminent;" and so saying, he resigned his mallet and hastened away to the house.

"I never saw Temple so eager about any thing before," said Nelly. "It's quite charming to see how the mere mention of a grand name can call forth all his energy."

"Temple knows the world very well; and he knows how the whole game of life is conducted by a very few players, and that every one who desires to push his way must secure the intimacy, if he can, or at least the acquaintance, of these." And Marion delivered this speech with a most oracular and pretentious tone.

"Yes," said Nelly, with a droll sparkle in her eye; "he declared that profound statement last evening in the very same words. Who shall say it is not an immense advantage to have a brother so full of sage maxims, while his sisters are seen to catch up his words of wisdom, and actually believe them to be their own?"

"Temple may not be a Talleyrand; but he is certainly as brilliant as the charming curate," said Marion tartly.

"Oh, poor George!" cried Nelly; and her cheek flushed while she tried to seem indifferent. "Nobody ever called him a genius. When one says he is very good-looking and very good-humoured, tout est dit!"

"He is very much out of place as a parson."

"Granted. I suspect he thinks so himself."

"Men usually feel that they cannot take orders without some stronger impulse than a mere desire to gain a livelihood."

"I have never talked to him on the matter; but perhaps he had no great choice of a career."

"He might have gone into the army, I suppose? He'd have found scores of creatures there with about his own measure of intelligence."

"I fancied you liked George, Marion," said the other. And there was something half tender, half reproachful, in her tone.

"I liked him so far, that it was a boon to find any thing so like a gentleman in this wild savagery; but if you mean that I would have endured him in town, or would have noticed him in society, you are strangely mistaken."

"Poor George!" and there was something comic in her glance as she sighed these words out.

"There; you have won," said Marion, throwing down her mallet. "I must go and hear what Temple is going to do. It would be a great blessing to see a man of the world and a man of mark in this dreary spot, and I hope papa will not lose the present opportunity to secure him."

"Are you alone, Nelly?" said her eldest brother some time after, as he came up, and found her sitting, lost in thought, under a tree.

"Yes. Marion got tired and went in, and Temple went to ask papa about inviting some high and mighty personage who chances to be in our neighbourhood."

"Who is he?"

"Lord Culduff" he called him.

"Oh! a tremendous swell; an ambassador somewhere. What brings him down here?"

"I forget. Oh, it was something about a mine; he has found tin or copper or coal, I don't remember which, on some property of his here. By the way, Augustus, do you really think George L'Estrange a fool?"

"Think him a fool?"

"I mean," said she, blushing deeply, "Marion holds his intelligence so cheaply, that she is quite shocked at his presuming to be in orders."

"Well, I don't think him exactly what Temple calls an 'esprit fort;' but he is a very nice fellow, very companionable, and a thorough gentleman in all respects."

"How well you have said it, dear Augustus," said she with a face beaming with delight. "Where are you off to? Where are you going?"

"I am going to see the yearlings, in the paddock below the river."

"May I go with you, Gussy?" said she, drawing her arm within his. "I do like a brisk walk with you; and you always go like one with a purpose."

## CHAPTER V.

### CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

TEMPLE found his father in his study, deeply engaged with a mass of papers and letters, and by the worn and fatigued expression of his face showing that he had passed a day of hard work.

"I hope I do not disturb you," said Temple, as he leaned on the table at which the other was seated.

"Throw that cigar away, and I'll tell you," said the old man, with a faint smile. "I never can conquer my aversion to tobacco. What do you want to say? Is it any thing we cannot talk over at dinner, or after dinner? for this post leaves at such an inconvenient hour, it gives me scant time to write."

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but I have just heard that a very distinguished member of our corps — I mean the diplomatic corps — is down in this neighborhood, and I want your permission to ask him over here."

"Who is he?"

"Lord Culduff."

"What, that old scamp who ran away with Lady Clifford? I thought he couldn't come to England?"

"Why, sir, he is one of the first men we have. It was he that negotiated the Erzerum treaty, and I heard Sir Stamford Bolter say he was the only man in England who understood the Sound dues."

"He ran off with another man's wife, and I don't like that."

"Well, sir, as he didn't marry her afterwards, it was clear it was only a passing indiscretion."

"Oh! indeed; that view of it never occurred to me. I suppose, then, it is in this light the corps regards it?"

"I trust so, sir. Where there is no complication, there is no loss of character; and as Lord Culduff is received everywhere, and courted in the very best circles, I think it would be somewhat strange if we were to set up to teach the world how it ought to treat him."

"I have no such pretension. I simply claim the right to choose the people I invite to my house."

"He may be my chief to-morrow or next day," said Temple.

"So much the worse for you."

"Certainly not, sir, if we seize the opportunity to show him some attentions. He is a most high-bred gentleman, and both from his abilities, his rank, and his connections, sure to be at the head of the line; and I confess I'd be very much ashamed if he were to hear, as he is sure to hear, that I was in his vicinity without my ever having gone to wait on him."

"Go by all means, then. Wait upon him at once, Temple; but I tell you frankly, I don't fancy presenting such a man to your sisters."

"Why, sir, there is not a more unobjectionable man in all England; his manners

are the very type of respectful deference towards ladies. He belongs to that old school which professes to be shocked with modern levity, while his whole conversation is a sort of quiet homage."

"Well, well; how long would he stay — a week?"

"A couple of days, perhaps, if he came at all. Indeed, I greatly doubt that he would come. They say he is here about some coalmine they have discovered on his property."

"What, has he found coal?" cried the old man eagerly.

"So it is said, sir; or, at least, he hopes so."

"It's only lignite. I'm certain, it's only lignite. I have been deceived myself twice or thrice, and I don't believe coal — real coal — exists in this part of Ireland."

"Of that I can tell you nothing; he, however, will only be too glad to talk the matter over with you."

"Yes; it is an interesting topic, — very interesting. Snell says that the great carboniferous strata are all in Ireland, but that they lie deep, and demand vast capital to work them. He predicts a great manufacturing prosperity to the country when Manchester and Birmingham will have sunk into ruins. He opines that this lignite is a mere indication of the immense vein of true carbon beneath. But what should this old debauchee know of a great industrial theme! His whole anxiety will be to turn it to some immediate profit. He'll be looking for a loan, you'll see. Mark my words, Temple, he'll want an advance on his colliery." And he gave one of those rich chuckling laughs which are as peculiar to the monied classes as ever a simpering smile was to enamelled beauty.

"I don't say," added he, after a moment, "that the scheme may not be a good one, — an excellent one. Sampson says that all manufactures will be transferred to Ireland yet, — that this will be in some future time the great seat of national industry and national wealth. Let your grand friend come then by all means; there is at least one topic we can talk over together."

Too happy to risk the success he had obtained by any further discussion, Temple hurried away to give orders for the great man's reception. There was a small suite of rooms, which had been furnished with unusual care and elegance when it was believed that Lady Augusta would have honoured Castello with her presence. Indeed, she had so far favoured the belief as to design some of the decorations herself, and had

photographs taken of the rooms and the furniture, as well as of the views which presented themselves from the windows.

Though these rooms were on the second floor, they were accessible from without by a carriage-drive, which wound gradually up among the terraced gardens to a sort of plateau, where a marble fountain stood, with a group of naiads in the midst, over whom a perpetual spray fell like a veil; the whole surrounded with flowery shrubs and rare plants, sheltered from east and north by a strong belt of trees, and actually imparting to the favoured spot the character of a southern climate and country.

As the gardener was careful to replace the exhausted or faded flowers by others in full bloom, and as on every available day he displayed here the richest treasures of his conservatory, there was something singularly beautiful in the contrast of this foreground, glowing in tropical luxuriance, with the massive forest-trees down below, and farther in the distance the stern and rugged lines of the Mourne Mountains, as they frowned on the sea.

Within doors, every thing that wealth could contribute to comfort was present, and though there was magnificence in the costly silk of the hangings and the velvety richness of the carpets, the prevailing impression was that it was enjoyment, not splendour, was sought for. There were few pictures—a Rydæl over the fireplace in the drawing-room, and two or three Cuyps—placid scenes of low-lying landscapes, bathed in soft sunsets. The doors were all hidden by heavy curtains, and a sense of voluptuous snugness seemed the spirit of the place.

The keys of this precious suite were in Marion's keeping, and as she walked through the rooms with Temple, and expatiated on the reckless expenditure bestowed upon them, she owned that for any less distinguished guest than the great diplomatist she would never have consented to their being opened. Temple, however, was loud in his praises, went over his high connections and titled relatives, his great services, and the immense reputation they had given him, and, last of all, he spoke of his personal qualities, the charm of his manner, and the captivation of his address, so that finally she became as eager as himself to see this great and gifted man beneath their roof.

During the evening, they talked much together of what they should do to entertain their illustrious guest. There was, so to say, no neighbourhood, nor any possibility of having people to meet him, and they must,

consequently, look to their home resources to amuse him.

"I hope Augustus will be properly attentive," said Temple.

"I'm certain he will. I'm more afraid of Nelly, if there be anything strange or peculiar in Lord Culduff's manner. She never puts any curb on her enjoyment of an oddity, and you'll certainly have to caution her that her humouristic talents must be kept in abeyance just now."

"I can trust Lord Culduff's manner to repress any tendency of this kind. Rely upon it, his courtly urbanity and high tone will protect him from all indiscretions; and Nelly—I'm sorry to say it, Marion—but Nelly is vulgar."

"She is certainly too familiar with fresh acquaintance. I have told her more than once that you do not always please people by showing you are on good terms with yourself. It is a great misfortune to her that she never was out before she came here. One season in town would have done more for her than all our precepts."

"Particularly as she heeds them so little," said Temple snappishly.

"Cannot we manage to have some people to meet Lord Culduff at dinner? Who are the Gages who left their cards?"

"They sent them—not left them. Montague Gage is the master of the hounds, and, I believe, a person of some consideration here. He does not, however, appear to invite much intimacy. His note acknowledging our subscription—it was a hundred pounds too—was of the coldest, and we exchanged a very few formal words at the meet yesterday."

"Are we going to repeat the Herefordshire experiment here, then?" And she asked the question with a sparkling eye and a flushed cheek, as though the feeling it excited was not easily to be repressed.

"There's a Sir Roger Kennedy too has called."

"Yes, and Harding says he is married; but his wife's name is not on the card."

"I take it they know very little of the habits of the world. Let us remember, Marion, where we are. Iceland is next door but one. I thought Harding would have looked to all this; he ought to have taken care that the county was properly attentive."

"An agent never wishes to see his chief reside on the property. It is like in my own career,—one is only chargé d'affaires when the head of the legation is on leave."

"And this was the county, we were told,



was ready to receive us with a sort of frantic enthusiasm. I wonder, Temple, do people ever tell the truth!"

"Yes, when they want you not to believe them. You see, Marion, we blundered here pretty much as we blundered in England. You'll not get the governor to believe it, nor perhaps even Augustus, but there is a diplomacy of every-day life, and people who fancy they can dispense with it invariably come to grief. Now, I always told them — indeed I grew tired telling them — every mile that separates you from a capital diminishes the power of your money. In the city you reign supreme; but to be a county magnate you need scores of things beside a long credit at your banker's."

A very impatient toss of the head showed that Marion herself was not fully a convert to these sage opinions, and it was with a half rude abruptness that she broke in by asking how he intended to convey his invitation to Lord Culduff.

"There's the difficulty," said he gravely. "He is going about from one place to another. Harding says he was at Rathbeggan on Sunday last, and was going on to Dinaker next day. I have been looking over the map, but I see no roads to these places. I think your best plan is to despatch Lacy with a letter. Lacy is the smartest fellow we have, and I think will be sure to find him. But the letter, too, is a puzzle."

"Why should it be? It will be, I suppose, a mere formal invitation?"

"No, no. It would never do to say, Colonel Bramleigh presents his compliments and requests — and so on. The thing must have another tone. It ought to have a certain turn of expression."

"I am not aware of what amount of acquaintanceship exists between you and Lord Culduff," said she stiffly.

"The very least in life. I suspect if we met in a club, we should pass without speaking. I arrived at his Legation on the morning he was starting on leave. I remember he asked me to breakfast; but I declined, as I had been three days and nights on the road, and wanted to get to bed. I never met him since. What makes you look so serious, Marion?"

"I'm thinking what we shall do with him if he comes. Does he shoot or hunt or fish? — can you give him any out-o'-door occupation?"

"I'm quite abroad as to all his tastes and habits. I only know so much of him as pertains to his character in the 'line;' but I'll go and write my note. I'll come back and

show you what I have said," added he, as he gained the door.

When Marion was left alone to reflect over her brother's words, she was not altogether pleased. She was no convert to his opinions as to the necessity of any peculiar stratagem in the campaign of life. She had seen the house in town crowded with very great and distinguished company; she had observed how wealth asserted itself in society, and she could not perceive that, in their acceptance by the world, there was any, the slightest deficiency of deference and respect. If they had failed in their county experiment in England, it was, she thought, because her father rashly took up an extreme position in politics, a mistake which Augustus indeed saw and protested against, but which some rash advisers were able to overpersuade the Colonel into adopting.

Lady Augusta, too, was an evidence that the better classes did not decline this alliance, and on the whole she felt that Temple's reasonings were the offshoots of his peculiar set; that small priesthood of society who hold themselves so essentially above the great body of mankind.

"Not that we must make any more mistakes, however," thought she. "Not that we can afford another defeat;" and, as she arrived at this sage judgment, Temple entered, with some sheets of note-paper in his hand.

"I'm not quite satisfied with any of these, Marion; I suspect I must just content myself with a mere formal 'requests the company.'"

"Let me hear what you have said."

"Here's the first," said he, reading.

"My dear Lord, — The lucky accident of your lordship's presence in this neighborhood; — which I have only accidentally learned."

"Oh, dear, no! that's a chapter of accidents."

"Well; listen to this one: 'If I can trust to a rumour that has just reached us here, but which it is possible our hopes may have given a credence to that stern fact will subsequently deny, or reject, or contradict.' I'm not fully sure which verb to take."

"Much worse than the other," said Marion.

"It's all the confounded language; I could turn it in French to perfection."

"But I fancied your whole life was passed in this sort of phrase-fashioning, Temple?" said she, half smiling.

"Nothing of the kind. We keep the



vernacular only for post-paper, and it always begins, 'My Lord, — Since by my despatch, No. 7,028, in which I reported to your lordship the details of an interview accorded me by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of this Government: ' and so on. Now all this, to the polite intercourse of society, is pretty much what singletick is to the rapier. I wish you'd do this for me, Marion. After so many baulks, one always ends by a tumble."

"I declare I see no occasion for smartness or epigram. I'd simply say, 'I have only just heard that you are in our neighborhood, and I beg to convey my father's hope and request that you will not leave it without giving us the honour of your company here.' You can throw in as many of your personal sentiments as may serve, like wool in a packing-case, to keep the whole tight and compact; but I think something like that would suffice."

"Perhaps so" said he, musingly, as he once more returned to his room. When he re-appeared, after some minutes, it was with the air and look of a man who had just thrown off some weighty burden. "Thank heaven, it's done and despatched," said he. "I have been looking over the F. O. Guide, to see whether I addressed him aright. I fancied he was a Privy Councillor, and I find he is not: he is a G. C., however, and a Guelph, with leave to wear the star."

"Very gratifying to us — I mean if he should come here," said she, with a mocking smile.

"Don't pretend you do not value all these things fully as much as myself, Marion. You know well what the world thinks of them. These distinctions were no more made by us than the money of the realm; but we use one of them like the other, well aware that it represents a certain value, and is never disputed."

"How old is your friend?"

"Well, he is certainly not young. Here's what F. O. contributes to his biography: 'Entered the army as cornet in the 2nd Life Guards, 1816.' A precious long time ago that. 'First groom of the bedchamber — promoted — placed on half-pay — entered diplomatic service — in — 19; special mission to Hanover — made G. C. H. — contested Essex, and returned on a petition — went back to diplomacy, and named special envoy to Tehran.' Ah! now we are coming to his real career."

"Oh, dear! I'd rather hear about him somewhat earlier," said she, taking the book out of his hand, and throwing it on the table. "It is a great penalty to pay for greatness to be gibbeted in this fashion. Don't you think so, Temple?"

"I wish I could see myself gibbeted, as you call it."

"If the will makes the way, we ought to be very great people," said she, with a smile, half derisive, half real. "Jack, perhaps not; nor Ellen. They have booked themselves in second-class carriages."

"I'll go and look up Harding; he is a secret sort of a fellow. I believe all agents assume that manner to every one but the head of the house and the heir. But perhaps I could manage to find out why these people have not called upon us; there must be something in it."

"I protest I think we ought to feel grateful to them; an exchange of hospitalities with them would be awful."

"Very likely; but I think we ought to have had the choice, and this they have not given us."

"And even for that I am grateful," said she, as with a haughty look she rose and left the room.

THERE are certain books which, once having attained rank as classics, it would be hard to displace. Indeed, it is quite a moot point whether it is hardest to gain a place among the authors whom everybody has, or to lose it when gained. There is Falconer's *Shipwreck* now; breathes there the man who, his hand on his heart, can with a safe conscience swear that he has ever read Falconer's *Shipwreck*? \* But we all know that we ought to have read Falconer's *Shipwreck*, or at least that we mean to read

Falconer's *Shipwreck*. At any rate we have it, or, if not, ought to have it. And this is the rationale of the reproduction of so many of our standard authors in the shape of gift-books. Mr. Nelson, of Paternoster Row, understands this aspect of literature, and sends us Falconer's *Shipwreck* very well got up, and with a sufficient variety of vignette illustrations. We were most interested by a Life of Falconer prefixed to the volume. This biography is little known, but exhibits much more interest than we knew of. — *Saturday Review*.

\* Yes! [Liv. Age.]

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Talmud Babylonicum*. Venice, 1520-23. Folio. 12 Vols.
2. *Talmud Hierosolymitanum*. Venice, [1523.] Folio. 1 Vol.

#### WHAT is the Talmud?

What is the nature of that strange production of which the name, imperceptibly almost, is beginning to take its place among the household words of Europe? Turn where we may in the realms of modern learning, we seem to be haunted by it. We meet with it in theology, in science, even in general literature, in their highways and in their byways. There is not a handbook to all or any of the many departments of biblical lore, sacred geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and the rest, but its pages contain references to the Talmud. The advocates of all religious opinions appeal to its dicta. Nay, not only the scientific investigators of Judaism and Christianity, but those of Mohammedanism and Zoroastrianism, turn to it in their dissections of dogma and legend and ceremony. If, again, we take up any recent volume of archaeological or philological transactions, whether we light on a dissertation on a Phœnician altar, or a cuneiform tablet, Babylonian weights, or Sassanian coins, we are certain to find this mysterious word. Nor is it merely the restorers of the lost idioms of Canaan and Assyria, of Himyar and Zoroastrian Persia, that appeal to the Talmud for assistance; but the modern schools of Greek and Latin philology are beginning to avail themselves of the classical and post-classical materials that lie scattered through it. Jurisprudence, in its turn, has been roused to the fact, that, apart from the bearing of the Talmud on the study of the Pandects and the Institutes, there are also some of those very laws of the 'Medes and Persians'—hitherto but a vague sound—hidden away in its labyrinths. And so too with medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and the rest. The history of these sciences, during that period over which the composition of the Talmud ranges—and it ranges over about a thousand years—can no longer be written without some reference to the items preserved, as in a vast buried city, in this cyclopean work. Yet, apart from the facts that belong emphatically to these respective branches, it contains other facts, of larger moment still,—facts bearing upon human culture in its widest sense. Day by day there are excavated from these mounds pictures of many countries and many periods,—

pictures of Hellas and Byzantium, Egypt and Rome, Persia and Palestine; of the temple and the forum, war and peace, joy and mourning; pictures teeming with life, glowing with colour.

These are, indeed, signs of the times. A mighty change has come over us. We children of this latter age are, above all things, utilitarian. We do not read the Koran, the Zend Avesta, the Vedas, with the sole view of refuting them. We look upon all literature, religious, legal, and otherwise, whensoever and wheresoever produced, as part and parcel of humanity. We, in a manner, feel a kind of responsibility for it. We seek to understand the phase of culture which begot these items of our inheritance, the spirit that moves upon their face. And while we bury that which is dead in them, we rejoice in that which lives in them. We enrich our stores of knowledge from theirs, we are stirred by their poetry, we are moved to high and holy thoughts when they touch the divine chord in our hearts.

In the same human spirit, we now speak of the Talmud. There is even danger at hand that this chivalresque feeling—one of the most touching characteristics of our times—which is evermore prompting us to offer holocausts to the Manes of those whom former generations are thought to have wronged, may lead to its being extolled somewhat beyond its merit. As these ever new testimonies to its value crowd upon us, we might be led into exaggerating its importance for the history of mankind. Yet an old adage of its own says, "Above all things, study. Whether for the sake of learning or for any other reason, study. For, whatever the motives that impel you at first, you will very soon love study for its own sake." And thus even exaggerated expectations of the treasure-trove in the Talmud will have their value, if they lead to the study of the work itself.

For, let us say it at once, these tokens of its existence, that appear in many a new publication, are, for the most part, but will-o'-the-wisps. At first sight, one would fancy that there never was a book more popular, or that formed more exclusively the mental centre of modern scholars, Orientalists, theologians, or jurists. What is the real truth? Paradoxical as it may seem, there never was a book at once more universally neglected and more universally talked of. Well may we forgive Heine, when we read the glowing description of the Talmud contained in his "Romancero," for never having even seen the subject of his

panegyrics. Like his countryman Schiller, who, pining vainly for one glimpse of the Alps, produced the most glowing and faithful picture of them, so he, with the poet's unerring instinct, gathered truth from hearsay and description. But how many of these ubiquitous learned quotations really flow from the fountain-head? Too often and too palpably it is merely — to use Samson's agricultural simile — those ancient and well-worked heifers, the 'Tela ignea Satanæ,' the 'Abgezogener Schlangenberg,' and all their venomous kindred, which are once more being dragged to the plough by some of the learned. We say learned: for as to the people at large, often as they hear the word now, we firmly believe that numbers of them still hold, with that erudite Capucin friar, Henricus Seynensis, that the Talmud is not a book, but a man. 'Ut narrat Rabbinus Talmud' — 'As says Rabbi Talmud' — cries he, and triumphantly clinches his argument!

And of those who know that it is not a Rabbi, how many are there to whom it conveys any but the vaguest of notions? Who wrote it? What is its bulk? Its date? Its contents? Its birth-place? A contemporary lately called it 'a sphinx, towards which all men's eyes are directed at this hour, some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety.' But why not force open its lips? How much longer are we to live by quotations alone, — quotations a thousand times used, a thousand times abused?

Where, however, are we to look even for primary instruction? Where learn the story of the book, its place in literature, its meaning and purport, and, above all, its relation to ourselves?

If we turn to the time-honoured 'Authorities,' we shall mostly find that, in their eagerness to serve some cause, they have torn a few pieces off that gigantic living body; and they have presented to us these ghastly anatomical preparations, twisted and mutilated out of all shape and semblance, saying, 'Behold, this is the book!' Or they have done worse. They have not garbled their samples, but have given them exactly as they found them; and then stood aside, pointing at them with jeering countenance. For their samples were ludicrous and grotesque beyond expression. But these wise and pious investigators unfortunately mistook the gurgoyles, those grinning stone caricatures that mount their thousand years guard over our cathedrals, for the gleaming statues of the Saints within; and, holding them up to mockery and derision, they cried, 'These be thy gods, O Israel!'

Let us not be misunderstood. When we complain of the lack of guides to the Talmud, we do not wish to be ungrateful to those great and earnest scholars whose names are familiar to every student, and whose labours have been ever present to our mind. For though in the whole realm of learning there is scarcely a single branch of study to be compared for its difficulty to the Talmud, yet, if a man had time and patience and knowledge, there is absolutely no reason why he should not, up and down ancient and modern libraries, gather most excellent hints from essays and treatises, monographs and sketches, in books and periodicals without number, by dint of which, aided by the study of the work itself, he might arrive at some conclusion as to its essence and tendencies, its origin and development. Yet, so far as we know, that work, every step of which, it must be confessed, is beset with fatal pitfalls, has not yet been done for the world at large. It is for a very good reason that we have placed nothing but the name of the Talmud itself at the head of our paper. We have sought far and near for some one special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations — a book which should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth-century 'Introduction,' interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production, which, if for no other reason, claims respect through its age, — a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinth of fact and thought and fancy, of which the Talmud consists; that would rejoice even in hieroglyphical fairylore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms; that could forgive wild outbursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be hidden under the fool's cap and bells.

We have not found such a book, nor any thing approaching to it. But closely connected with that circumstance is this other, that we were fain to quote the first editions of this Talmud, though scores have been printed since, and about a dozen are in the press at this very moment. Even this first edition was printed in hot haste, and without due care; and every succeeding one, with one or two insignificant exceptions, presents a sadder spectacle. In the Basle edition of 1578 — the third in point of time, which has remained the standard edition almost ever since — that amazing creature, the Censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the 'Faith' from all and every

danger — for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent-looking words and phrases — this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter 'of Rome,' his mind instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope. And forthwith he struck out Rome, and substituted any other place he could think of. A favorite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram or Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia, or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But, whenever the word 'Gentile' occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A 'Gentile' could not possibly be aught but a Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile — and there are many such in the Talmud — or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him; and christened him, as fancy moved him, an 'Egyptian,' an 'Aramean,' an 'Amalekite,' an 'Arab,' a 'Negro;' sometimes a whole 'people.' We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our very last editions.

Once or twice, attempts were made to clear the text from its foulest blemishes. There was even, about two years ago, a beginning made of a 'critical' edition, such as not merely Greek and Roman, Sanscrit and Persian classics, but the veriest trash written in those languages, would have had ever so long ago. And there is — M. Renan's unfortunate remark to the contrary notwithstanding\* — no lack of Talmudical MSS., however fragmentary they be for the most part. There are innumerable variations, additions, and corrections to be gleaned from the Codices at the Bodleian and the Vatican, in the Libraries of Odessa, Munich, and Florence, Hamburg and Heidelberg, Paris and Parma. But an evil eye seems to be upon this book. This corrected edition remains a torso, like the two first volumes of translations of the Talmud, commenced at different periods, the second volumes of which never saw the light. It therefore seemed advisable to refer to the Editio Princeps, as the one that is at least free from the blemishes, censorial or typographical, of later ages.

Well does the Talmud supplement the Horatian 'Habent sua fata libelli,' by the

words 'even the sacred scrolls in the Tabernacle.' We really do not wonder that the good Capucin of whom we spoke mistook it for a man. Ever since it existed — almost before it existed in a palpable shape — it has been treated much like a human being. It has been proscribed, and imprisoned, and burnt, a hundred times over. From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A. D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella,† down to Clement VIII. and later — a space of over a thousand years — both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book. Thus, within a period of less than fifty years — and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century — it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale by the wagon-load. Julius III. issued his proclamation against what he grotesquely calls the 'Gemaroth Thalmud' in 1553 and 1555, Paul IV. in 1559, Pius V. in 1566, Clement VIII. in 1592 and 1599. The fear of it was great indeed. Even Pius IV., in giving permission for a new edition, stipulated expressly that it should appear without the name Talmud. Si tamen prodierit sine nomine Thalmud tolerari deberet. It almost seems to have been a kind of Shibboleth, by which every new potentate had to prove the rigour of his faith. And very rigorous it must have been, to judge by the language which even the highest dignitaries of the Church did not disdain to use at times. Thus Honorius IV. writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1286 anent that 'damnable book' (*liber damnabilis*), admonishing him gravely, and desiring him 'vehemently' to see that it be not read by anybody, since 'all other evils flow out of it.' Verily these documents are sad reading, only relieved occasionally by some wild blunder that lights up as with one flash the abyss of ignorance regarding this object of wrath.

We remember but one sensible exception in this Babel of manifestoes. Clement V., in 1307, before condemning the book, wished to know something of it, and there was no one to tell him. Whereupon he proposed — but in language so obscure that it left the door open for many interpretations — that three chairs be founded, for Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, as the three tongues nearest to the idiom of the Talmud. The spots chosen by him were the Universities of

\* 'On sait qu'il ne reste aucun manuscrit du Talmud pour contrôler les éditions imprimées.' — *Les Apôtres*, p. 262.

† Novella 146, Περὶ Ἑβραίων (addressed to the Prefectus Prætorio Arcobindus).

Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, and Oxford. In time, he hoped, one of these Universities might be able to produce a translation of this mysterious book. Need we say that this consummation never came to pass? The more expeditious process of destruction was resorted to again and again and again, not merely in the single cities of Italy and France, but throughout the entire Holy Roman Empire.

At length a change took place in Germany. One Pfefferkorn, a miserable creature enough, began, in the time of the Emperor Maximilian, to agitate for a new decree for the extermination of the Talmud. The Emperor lay with his hosts before Pavia, when the evil-tongued messenger arrived in the camp, furnished with goodly letters by Kunigunde, the Emperor's beautiful sister. Maximilian, wearied and unsuspecting, renewed that time-honoured decree for a confiscation, to be duly followed by a conflagration, readily enough. The confiscation was conscientiously carried out, for Pfefferkorn knew well enough where his former co-religionists kept their books. But a conflagration of a very different kind ensued. Step by step, hour by hour, the German Reformation was drawing nearer. Reuchlin, the most eminent Hellenist and Hebraist of his time, had been nominated to sit on the Committee which was to lend its learned authority to the Emperor's decree. But he did not relish this task. 'He did not like the look of Pfefferkorn,' he says. Besides which, he was a learned and honest man, and, having been the restorer of classical Greek in Germany, he did not care to participate in the wholesale murder of a book 'written by Christ's nearest relations.' Perhaps he saw the cunningly-laid trap. He had long been a thorn in the flesh of many of his contemporaries. His Hebrew labours had been looked upon with bitter jealousy, if not fear. Nothing less was contemplated in those days — the theological Faculty of Mayence demanded it openly — than a total 'Revision and Correction' of the Hebrew Bible, 'inasmuch as it differed from the Vulgate.' Reuchlin, on his part, never lost an opportunity of proclaiming the high importance of the 'Hebrew Truth,' as he emphatically called it. His enemies thought that one of two things would follow. By officially pronouncing upon the Talmud, he was sure either to commit himself dangerously — and then a speedy end would be made of him — or to set at naught, to a certain extent, his own previous judgments in favour of these studies. He declined the proposal, saying, honestly enough, that he knew nothing of

the book, and that he was not aware of the existence of many who knew anything of it. Least of all did its detractors know it. But, he continued, even if it should contain attacks on Christianity, would it not be preferable to reply to them? 'Burning is but a ruffianly argument (*Bacchanten-Argument*). Whereupon a wild outcry was raised against him as a Jew, a Judaizer, a bribed renegade, and so on. Reuchlin, nothing daunted, set to work upon the book in his patient hard-working manner. Next he wrote a brilliant defence of it. When the Emperor asked his opinion, he repeated Clement's proposal to found talmudical chairs. At each German university there should be two professors, specially appointed for the sole purpose of enabling students to become acquainted with this book. 'As to burning it,' he continues, in the famous Memorial addressed to the Emperor, 'if some fool came and said, Most mighty Emperor! your Majesty should really suppress and burn the books of alchymy (a fine *argumentum ad hominem*) because they contain blasphemous, wicked, and absurd things against our faith, what should his Imperial Majesty reply to such a buffalo or ass but this? — Thou art a ninny, rather to be laughed at than followed. Now because his feeble head cannot enter into the depths of a science, and cannot conceive it, and does understand things otherwise than they really are, would you deem it fit to burn such books?'

Fiercer and fiercer waxed the howl, and Reuchlin, the peaceful student, from a witness became a delinquent. What he suffered for and through the Talmud cannot be told here. Far and wide, all over Europe, the contest raged. A whole literature of pamphlets, flying sheets, caricatures, sprang up. University after university was appealed to against him. No less than forty-seven sittings were held by the theological Faculty of Paris, which ended by their formal condemnation of Reuchlin. But he was not left to fight alone. Around him rallied, one by one, Duke Ulrich of Württemberg, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, Ulrich von Hutten, Franz von Sickingen — he who finally made the Colognians pay their costs in the Reuchlin trial — Erasmus of Rotterdam, and that whole brilliant phalanx of the 'Knights of the Holy Ghost,' the 'Hosts of Pallas Athene,' the '*Talmudphili*,' as the documents of the period variously style them: they whom we call the Humanists.

And their Palladium and their War-cry was — oh! wondrous ways of History — the Talmud! To stand up for Reuchlin meant, to them, to stand up for 'the Law;' to fight



for the Talmud was to *fight for the Church!* 'Non te,' writes Egidio de Viterbo to Reuchlin, 'sed Legem: non Talmud, sed Ecclesiam!'

The rest of the story is written in the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' and in the early pages of the German Reformation. The Talmud was not burnt this time. On the contrary, its first complete edition was printed. And in that same year of Grace 1520 A. D., when this first edition went through the press at Venice, Martin Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

### What is the Talmud?

Again the question rises before us in its whole formidable shape, — a question which no one has yet answered satisfactorily. And we labour in this place under more than one disadvantage. For, quite apart from the difficulties of explaining a work so utterly Eastern, antique, and thoroughly *sui generis*, to our modern Western readers, in the space of a few pages, we labour under the further disability of not being able to refer to the work itself. Would it not indeed be mere affectation to presuppose more than the vaguest acquaintance with its language or even its name in many of our readers? And while we would fain enlarge upon such points as a comparison between the law laid down in it with ours, or with the contemporary Greek, Roman, and Persian Laws, or those of Islam, or even with its own fundamental Code, the Mosaic: while we would trace a number of its ethical, ceremonial, and doctrinal points in Zoroastrianism, in Christianity, in Mohammedanism; a vast deal of its metaphysics and philosophy in Plato, Aristotle, the Pythagoreans, the Neoplatonists, and the Gnostics — not to mention Spinoza and the Schellings of our own day; much of its medicine in Hippocrates and Galen, and the Paracelsuses of but a few centuries ago — we shall scarcely be able to do more than to lay a few *disjecta membra* of these things before our readers. We cannot even sketch, in all its bearings, that singular mental movement which caused the best spirits of an entire nation to concentrate, in spite of opposition, all their energies for a thousand years upon the writing, and for another thousand years upon the commenting, of this one book. Omitting all detail, which it has cost much to gather, and more to suppress, we shall merely tell of its development, of the schools in which it grew, of the tribunals which judged by it, of some of the men that set their seal on it. We shall also introduce a summary of its law, speak of its metaphysics,

of its moral philosophy, and quote many of its proverbs and saws — the truest of all gauges of a time.

We shall, perhaps, be obliged occasionally to appeal to some of the extraneous topics just mentioned. The Talmud, like every other phenomenon, in order to become comprehensible, should be considered only in connection with things of a similar kind; a fact almost entirely overlooked to this day. Being emphatically a Corpus Juris, an encyclopædia of law, civil and penal, ecclesiastical and international, human and divine, it may best be judged by analogy and comparison with other legal codes, more especially with the Justinian Code and its Commentaries. What the uninitiated have taken for exceptional 'Rabbinical' subtleties, or, in matters relating to the sexes, for gross offences against modern taste, will then cause the Talmud to stand out rather favourably than otherwise. The Pandects and the Institutes, the Novellæ and the Responsa Prudentium, should thus be constantly consulted and compared. No less should our English law, as laid down in Blackstone, wherein we may see how the most varied views of right and wrong have been finally blended and harmonised with the spirit of our times. But the Talmud is more than a Book of Laws. It is a microcosm, embracing, even as does the Bible, heaven and earth. It is as if all the prose and the poetry, the science, the faith and speculation of the Old World, were, though only in faint reflections, bound up in it *in nuce*. Comprising the time from the rise to the fall of antiquity, and a good deal of its after-glow, the history and culture of antiquity have to be considered in their various stages. But, above all, it is necessary to transport ourselves, following Goethe's advice, to its birthplace — Palestine and Babylon — the gorgeous East itself, where all things glow in brighter colours, and grow into more fantastic shapes: —

'Willst den Dichter du verstehen,  
Musst in Dichter's Lande gehen.'

The origin of the Talmud is coeval with the return from the Babylonish captivity. One of the most mysterious and momentous periods in the history of humanity is that brief space of the Exile. What were the influences brought to bear upon the captives during that time, we know not. But this we know, that from a reckless, lawless, godless populace, they returned transformed into a band of Puritans. The religion of Zerdusht, though it has left its traces in Juda-



ism, fails to account for that change. Nor does the Exile itself account for it. Many and intense as are the reminiscences of its bitterness, and of yearning for home, that have survived in prayer and in song, yet we know that, when the hour of liberty struck, the forced colonists were loth to return to the land of their fathers. Yet the change is there, palpable, unmistakable—a change which we may regard as almost miraculous. Scarcely aware before of the existence of their glorious national literature, the people now began to press round these brands plucked from the fire—the scanty records of their faith and history—with a fierce and passionate love, a love stronger even than that of wife and child. These same documents, as they were gradually formed into a canon, became the immutable centre of their lives, their actions, their thoughts, their very dreams. From that time forth, with scarcely any intermission, the keenest as well as the most poetical minds of the nation remained fixed upon them. 'Turn it and turn it again,' says the Talmud, with regard to the Bible, 'for everything is in it.' 'Search the Scriptures,' is the distinct utterance of the New Testament.

The natural consequence ensued. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, from a mere expounding and investigation for purposes of edification or instruction on some special point, this activity begot a science, a science that assumed the very widest dimensions. Its technical name is already contained in the Book of Chronicles. It is 'Midrash' (from *darash*, to study, expound)—a term which the Authorised Version renders by 'Story.'\*

There is scarcely a more fruitful source of misconceptions, upon this subject than the liquid nature, so to speak, of its technical terms. They mean any thing and every thing, at once most general and most special. Nearly all of them signify in the first instance simply 'study.' Next they are used for some one very special branch of this study. Then they indicate, at times, a peculiar method, at others the works which have grown out of these either general or special mental labours. Thus Midrash, from the abstract 'expounding,' came to be applied, first to the 'exposition' itself, even as our terms 'work,' 'investigation,' 'inquiry,' imply both process and product; and finally, as a special branch of exposition—the legendary—was more popular than the rest, to this one branch only and to the books that chiefly represented it.

\* See 2 Chron. xlii, 22, xxiv, 27.

For there had sprung up almost innumerable modes of 'searching the Scriptures.' In the quaintly ingenious manner of the times, four of the chief methods were found in the Persian word Paradise, spelt in vowelless Semitic fashion, PRDS. Each one of these mysterious letters was taken, mnemonically, as the initial of some technical word that indicated one of these four methods. The one called P [*peshat*] aimed at the simple understanding of words and things, in accordance with the primary exegetical law of the Talmud, 'that no verse of the Scripture ever practically travelled beyond its literal meaning,'—though it might be explained, homiletically and otherwise, in innumerable new ways. The second, R [*remes*], means Hint, i. e. the discovery of the indications contained in certain seemingly superfluous letters and signs in Scripture. These were taken to refer to laws not distinctly mentioned, but either existing traditionally or newly promulgated. This method, when more generally applied, begot a kind of *memoria technica*, a stenography akin to the 'Notarikon' of the Romans. Points and notes were added to the margins of scriptural MSS., and the foundation of the Massorah, or diplomatic preservation of the text, was thus laid. The third, D [*derush*], was homiletic application of that which had been to that which was and would be, of prophetic and historical dicta to the actual condition of things. It was a peculiar kind of sermon, with all the aids of dialectics and poetry, of parable, gnome, proverb, legend, and the rest, exactly as we find it in the New Testament. The fourth, S, stood for *sod*, secret, mystery. This was the Secret Science, into which but few were initiated. It was theosophy, metaphysics, angelology, a host of wild and glowing visions of things beyond earth. Faint echoes of this science survive in Neoplatonism, in Gnosticism, in the Kabbalah, in 'Hermes Trismegistus.' But few were initiated into these things of 'The Creation' and of 'The Chariot,' as it was also called, in allusion to Ezekiel's vision. Yet here again the power of the vague and mysterious was so strong, that the word Paradise gradually indicated this last branch, the secret science, only. Later, in Gnosticism, it came to mean the 'Spiritual Christ.'

There is a weird story in the Talmud, which has given rise to the wildest explanations, but which will become intelligible by the foregoing lines. 'Four men,' it says, 'entered Paradise. One beheld and died. One beheld and lost his senses. One destroyed the young plants. One only entered in peace and came out in peace.' The

names of all four are given. They are all exalted masters of the law. The last but one, he who destroyed the young plants, is Elisha ben Abuyah, the Faust of the Talmud, who, while sitting in the academy, at the feet of his teachers, to study the law, kept the 'profane books' — of 'Homeros,' to wit, hidden in his garment, and from whose mouth 'Greek songs' never ceased to flow. How he, notwithstanding his early scepticism, rapidly rises to eminence in that same law, finally falls away and becomes a traitor and an outcast, and his very name a thing of unutterable horror — how one day (it was the great day of atonement) he passes the mouth of the temple, and hears a voice within 'murmuring like a dove' — 'all men shall be forgiven this day save Elisha ben Abuyah, who, knowing me, has betrayed me' — how, after his death, the flames will not cease to hover over his grave, until his one faithful disciple, the 'Light of the Law,' Meir, throws himself over it, swearing a holy oath that he will not partake of the joys of the world to come without his beloved master, and that he will not move from that spot until his master's soul shall have found grace and salvation before the Throne of Mercy — all this and a number of other incidents form one of the most stirring poetical pictures of the whole Talmud. The last of the four is Akiba, the most exalted, most romantic, and most heroic character perhaps in that vast gallery of the learned of his time; he who, in the last revolt under Trajan and Hadrian, expiated his patriotic rashness at the hands of the Roman executioners, and — the legend adds — whose soul fled just when, in his last agony, his mouth cried out the last word of the confession of God's unity: — 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One.'

The Talmud is the storehouse of 'Midrash,' in its widest sense, and in all its branches. What we said of the fluctuation of terms applies emphatically also to this word Talmud. It means, in the first instance, nothing but 'study,' 'learning,' from *lamad*, to learn; next, indicating a special method of 'learning,' or rather arguing, it finally became the name of the great Corpus Juris of Judaism.

When we speak of the Taimud as a legal code, we trust we shall not be understood too literally. It resembles about as much what we generally understand by that name as a primeval forest resembles a Dutch garden.

Nothing, indeed, can equal the state of utter amazement into which the modern investigator finds himself plunged at the first sight of these luxuriant talmudical wilder-

nesses. Schooled in the harmonising, methodising systems of the West — systems that condense, and arrange, and classify, and give every thing its fitting place and its fitting position in that place — he feels almost stupefied here. The language, the style, the method, the very sequence, of things (a sequence that often appears as logical as our dreams), the amazingly varied nature of these things — every thing seems tangled, confused, chaotic. It is only after a time that the student learns to distinguish between two mighty currents in the book — currents that at times flow parallel, at times seem to work upon each other, and to impede each other's action: the one emanating from the brain, the other from the heart — the one Prose, the other Poetry, — the one carrying with it all those mental faculties that manifest themselves in arguing, investigating, comparing, developing, bringing a thousand points to bear upon one, and one upon a thousand; the other springing from the realms of fancy, of imagination, feeling, humour, and, above all, from that precious combination of still, almost sad, pensiveness with quick catholic sympathies, which in German is called *Gemüth*. These two currents the Midrash, in its various aspects, had caused to set in the direction of the Bible, and they soon found in it two vast fields for the display of all their power and energy. The logical faculties turned to the legal portions in Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy — developing, seeking, and solving a thousand real or apparent difficulties and contradictions with what, as tradition, had been living in the hearts and mouths of the people from time immemorial. The other — the imaginative faculties — took possession of the prophetic, ethical, historical, and, quaintly enough, sometimes even of the legal portions of the Bible, and transformed the whole into a vast series of themes almost musical in their wonderful and capricious variations. The first named is called 'Halachah' (*Rule, Norm*), a term applied both to the process of evolving legal enactments, and the enactments themselves. The other, 'Haggadah' (*Legend, Saga*) not so much in our modern sense of the word, though a great part of its contents comes under that head, but because it was only a 'saying,' a thing without authority, a play of fancy, an allegory, a parable, a tale, that pointed a moral and illustrated a question, that smoothed the billows of fierce debate, roused the slumbering attention, and was generally — to use its own phrase — a 'comfort and a blessing.'

The Talmud, which is composed of these

two elements, the legal and the legendary, is divided into MISHNAH and GEMARA: two terms again of uncertain, shifting meaning. Originally indicating, like the technical words mentioned already, 'study,' they both became terms for special studies, and indicated special works. The Mishnah, from *shanah* (*iana*), to learn, to repeat, has been of old translated *deutérouos*, second law. But this derivation, correct as it seems literally, is incorrect in the first instance. It simply means 'Learning,' like Gemara, which, besides, indicates 'complement' to the Mishnah — itself a complement to the Mosaic code, but in such a manner that, in developing and enlarging, it supersedes it. The Mishnah, on its own part again, forms a kind of text to which the Gemara is not so much a scholion as a critical expansion. The Pentateuch remains in all cases the background and latent source of the Mishnah. But it is the business of the Gemara to examine into the legitimacy and correctness of this Mishnic development in single instances. The Pentateuch remained under all circumstances the immutable, divinely given constitution, the *written law*: in contradistinction to it, the Mishnah, together with the Gemara, was called the oral, or 'Unwritten' law, not unlike the unwritten Greek *ᾠρηται*, the Roman 'Lex Non Scripta,' the Sunnah, or our own Common Law.

There are few chapters in the whole History of Jurisprudence more obscure than the origin, development, and completion of this 'Oral Law.' There must have existed, from the very beginning of the Mosaic law, a number of corollary laws, which explained in detail most of the rules broadly laid down in it. Apart from these, it was but natural that the enactments of that primitive Council of the Desert, the Elders, and their successors in each period, together with the verdicts issued by the later 'judges within the gates,' to whom the Pentateuch distinctly refers, should have become precedents, and been handed down as such. Apocryphal writings — notably the fourth book of Ezra — not to mention Philo and the Church Fathers, speak of fabulous numbers of books that had been given to Moses together with the Pentateuch: thus indicating the common belief in the divine origin of the supplementary laws that had existed among the people from time immemorial. Jewish tradition traces the bulk of the oral injunctions, through a chain of distinctly-named authorities, to 'Sinai' itself. It mentions in detail how Moses communicated those minutiae of his legislation, in which he had been instructed during the mysterious forty days and

nights on the Mount, to the chosen guides of the people, in such a manner that they should for ever remain engraven on the tablets of their hearts.

A long space intervenes between the Mosaic period and that of the Mishnah. The ever growing wants of the ever disturbed commonwealth necessitated new laws and regulations at every turn. A difficulty, however, arose, unknown to other legislations. In despotic states, a decree is issued, promulgating the new law. In constitutional states, a Bill is brought in. The supreme authority, if it finds it meet and right to make this new law, makes it. The case was different in the Jewish commonwealth of the post-exilic times. Among the things that were irredeemably lost with the first temple were the 'Urim and Thummim' of the high priest — the oracle. With Malachi the last prophet had died. Both for the promulgation of a new law and the abrogation of an old one, a higher sanction was requisite than a mere majority of the legislative council. The new act must be proved, directly or indirectly, from the 'Word of God' — proved to have been promulgated by the Supreme King — hidden and bound up, as it were, in its very letters from the beginning. This was not easy in all cases: especially when a certain number of hermeneutical rules, not unlike those used in the Roman schools (inferences, conclusions from the minor to the major and *vice versa*, analogies of ideas or objects, general and special statements, &c.), had come to be laid down.

Apart from the new laws requisite at sudden emergencies, there were many of those old traditional ones, for which the *point d'appui* had to be found, when, as established legal matters, they came before the critical eye of the schools. And these schools themselves, in their ever restless activity, evolved new laws, according to their logical rules, even when they were not practically wanted nor likely ever to come into practical use — simply as a matter of science. Hence there is a double action perceptible in this legal development. Either the scriptural verse forms the *terminus a quo*, or the *terminus ad quem*. It is either the starting-point for a discussion which ends in the production of some new enactment; or some new enactment, or one never before investigated, is traced back to the divine source by an outward 'hint,' however insignificant.

This process of evolving new precepts from old ones by 'signs' — a word curiously enough used also by Blackstone in his 'development' of the law — may in some instances have been applied with too much

freedom. Yet, while the Talmudical Code practically differs from the Mosaic as much as our Digest will some day differ from the laws of the time of Canute, and as the Justinian Code differs from the Twelve Tables, it cannot be denied that these fundamental laws have in all cases been consulted carefully and impartially as to their spirit, their letter being often but the vessel or outer symbol. The often uncompromising severity of the Pentateuch, especially in the province of the penal law, had certainly become much softened down under the milder influences of the culture of later days. Several of its injunctions, which had become impracticable, were circumscribed, or almost constitutionally abrogated, by the introduction of exceptional formalities. Some of its branches also had developed in a direction other than what at first sight seems to have been anticipated. But the power vested in the 'judge of those days' was in general most sparingly and conscientiously applied.

This whole process of the development of the 'law' was in the hands of the 'Scribes,' who, according to the New Testament, 'sit in the seat of Moses.' We shall speak presently of the 'Pharisees' with whom the word is often coupled. Here, meantime, we must once more distinguish between the different meanings of the word 'Scribe' at different periods. For there are three stages in the oral compilation of the Talmudical Code, each of which is named after a special class of doctors.

The task of the first class of these masters — the 'Scribes' by way of eminence, whose time ranges from the return from Babylon down to the Greco-Syrian persecutions (220 B.C.) — was above all to preserve the sacred Text, as it had survived after many mishaps. They 'enumerated' not merely the precepts, but the words, the letters, the signs of the Scripture, thereby guarding it from all future interpolations and corruptions. They had further to explain these precepts, in accordance with the collateral tradition of which they were the guardians. They had to instruct the people, to preach in the synagogues, to teach in the schools. They further, on their own authority, erected certain 'Fences,' i.e. such new injunctions as they deemed necessary merely for the better keeping of the old precepts. The whole work of these men ('Men of the Great Synagogue') is well summed up in their adage: 'Have a care in legal decisions, send forth many disciples, and make a fence around the law.' More pregnant still is the motto of their last representative — the only one whose name, besides those of Ezra

and Nehemiah, the supposed founders of this body, has survived — Simon the Just: 'On three things stands the world: on law, on worship, and on charity.'

After the 'Scribes' — *κατ' ἐξοχήν* — come the 'Learners,' or 'Repeaters,' also called Banaim, 'Master-builders' — from 220 B.C. to 220 A.D. In this period falls the Maccabean Revolution, the birth of Christ, the destruction of the temple by Titus, the revolt of Bar-Cochba under Hadrian, the final destruction of Jerusalem, and the total expatriation of the Jews. During this time, Palestine was ruled successively by Persians, Egyptians, Syrians, and Romans. But the legal labours that belong to this period were never seriously interrupted. However dread the events, the schools continued their studies. The masters were martyred time after time, the academies were razed to the ground, the practical and the theoretical occupation with the law was proscribed on pain of death — yet in no instance is the chain of the living tradition broken. With their last breath, the dying masters appointed and ordained their successors; for one academy that was reduced to a heap of ashes in Palestine, three sprang up in Babylonia, and the Law flowed on, and was perpetuated in the face of a thousand deaths.

The chief bearers and representatives of these divine legal studies were the President (called Nasi, Prince), and the Vice-President (Ab-Beth-Din = Father of the House of Judgment) of the highest legal assembly, the Synedrión, Aramaised into *Sanhedrin*. There were three Sanhedrins: one 'Great Sanhedrin,' two 'lesser' ones. Whenever the New Testament mentions the 'Priests, the Elders, and the Scribes' together, it means the Great Sanhedrin. This constituted the highest ecclesiastical and civil tribunal. It consisted of seventy-one members, chosen from the foremost priests, the heads of tribes and families, and from the 'Learned,' i.e. the 'Scribes' or Lawyers. It was no easy task to be elected a member of this Supreme Council. The candidate had to be a superior man, both mentally and bodily. He was not to be either too young or too old. Above all, he was to be an adept both in the 'Law' and in Science.

When people read of 'law,' 'masters' or 'doctors of the law,' they do not, it seems to us, always fully realize what that word 'law' means in Old or rather New Testament language. It should be remembered that, as we have already indicated, it stands for all and every knowledge, since all and every knowledge was requisite for the understanding of it. The Mosaic code has in-

junctions about the sabbatical journey; the distance had to be measured and calculated, and mathematics were called into play. Seeds, plants, and animals had to be studied in connection with the many precepts regarding them, and natural history had to be appealed to. Then there were the purely hygienic paragraphs, which necessitated for their precision a knowledge of all the medical science of the time. The 'seasons' and the feast-days were regulated by the phases of the moon; and astronomy — if only in its elements — had to be studied. And — as the commonwealth successively came in contact, however much against its will at first, with Greece and Rome — their history, geography, and language came to be added as a matter of instruction to those of Persia and Babylon. It was only a handful of well-meaning but narrow-minded men, like the Essenes, who would not, for their own part, listen to the repeal of certain temporary 'Decrees of Danger.' When Hellenic scepticism in its most seductive form had, during the Syrian troubles, begun to seek its victims even in the midst of the 'Sacred Vineyard,' and threatened to undermine all patriotism and all independence, a curse was pronounced upon Hellenism: much as German patriots, at the beginning of this century, loathed the very sound of the French language; or as, not so very long ago, all things 'foreign' were regarded with a certain suspicion in England. But, the danger over, the Greek language and culture were restored to their previous high position in both the school and the house, as indeed the union of Hebrew and Greek, the 'Talith and the Pallium,' 'Shem and Japheth, who had been blessed together by Noah, and who would always be blessed in union,' was strongly insisted upon. We shall return to the polyglot character of those days, the common language of which was an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew; but the member of the Sanhedrin had to be a good linguist. He was not to be dependent on the possibly tinged version of an interpreter. But not only was science, in its widest sense, required in him, but even an acquaintance with its fantastic shadows, such as astrology, magic, and the rest, in order that he, as both lawgiver and judge, should be able to enter also into the popular feeling about these wide-spread 'Arts.' Proselytes, eunuchs, freedmen, were rigidly excluded from the Assembly. So were those who could not prove themselves the legitimate offspring of priests, Levites, or Israelites. And so, further, were gamblers, betting-men, money-lenders, and dealers in illegal produce. To

the provision about the age, viz., that the senator should be neither too far advanced in age 'lest his judgment might be enfeebled,' nor too young 'lest it might be immature and hasty;' and to the proofs required of his vast theoretical and practical knowledge — for he was only by slow degrees promoted from an obscure judgeship in his native hamlet to the senatorial dignity — there came to be added also that wonderfully fine rule, that he must be a married man and have children of his own. Deep miseries of families would be laid bare before him, and he should bring with him a heart full of sympathy.

Of the practical administration of justice by the Sanhedrin we have yet to speak when we come to the *Corpus Juris* itself. It now behoves us to pause a moment at those 'schools and academies' of which we have repeatedly made mention, and of which the Sanhedrin formed, as it were, the crown and the highest consummation.

Eighty years before Christ, schools flourished throughout the length and the breadth of the land; — education had been made compulsory. While there is not a single term for 'school' to be found before the Captivity, there were by that time about a dozen in common usage.\* Here are a few of the innumerable popular sayings of the period, betokening the paramount importance which public instruction had assumed in the life of the nation: 'Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected.' 'The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children.' 'Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted.' 'Study is more meritorious than sacrifice.' 'A scholar is greater than a prophet.' 'You should revere the teacher even more than your father. The latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way into the next. But blessed is the son who has learnt from his father: he shall revere him both as his

\* Some of these terms are Greek like *ἡλίκος*, *ἡλικός*: some, belonging to the pellucid idiom of the people, the Aramaic, poetically indicated at times the special arrangement of the small and big scholars, e.g. 'Array,' 'Vineyard' ('where they sat in rows as stands the blooming vine'); while others are of so uncertain a derivation, that they may belong to either language. The technical term for the highest school, for instance, has long formed a crux for etymologists. It is *Kallah*. This may be either the Hebrew word for 'Bride,' a well-known allegorical expression for science, 'assiduously to be courted, not lightly to be won, and easily estranged;' or it may be the slightly mutilated Greek *σχολή*, or it may literally be our own word *University*, from *Kol*, all, universus: an all-embracing institution of all branches of learning.



father and his master; and blessed is the father who has instructed his son.\*

The 'High Colleges' or 'Kallahs' \* only met during some months in the year. Three weeks before the term the Dean prepared the students for the lectures to be delivered by the Rector; and so arduous became the task, as the number of the disciples increased, that in time no less than seven Deans had to be appointed. Yet the mode of teaching was not that of our modern universities. The professors did not deliver lectures, which the disciples, like the Student in 'Faust,' could 'comfortably take home in black and white.' Here all was life, movement, debate; question was met by counter-question, answers were given wrapped up in allegories or parables, the inquirer was led to deduce the questionable point for himself by analogy — the nearest approach to the Socratic method. The New Testament furnishes many specimens of this contemporary method of instruction.

The highest rank in the estimation of the people was not reserved for the 'Priests,' about whose real position some extraordinary notions seem still afloat — nor for the 'Nobles' — but for these Masters of the Law, the 'Wise,' the 'Disciples of the Wise.' There is something almost German in the profound reverence uniformly shown to these representatives of science and learning, however poor and insignificant in person and rank. Many of the most eminent 'Doctors' were but humble tradesmen. They were tentmakers, sandalmakers, weavers, carpenters, tanners, bakers, cooks. A newly-elected President was found by his predecessor, who had been ignominiously deposed for his overbearing manner, all grimy in the midst of his charcoal mounds. Of all things the most hated were idleness and asceticism; piety and learning themselves only received their proper estimation when joined to healthy bodily work. 'It is well to add a trade to your studies; you will then be free from sin.' — 'The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest Doctor.' — 'Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God' — are some of the most common dicta of the period.

The exalted place thus given to Work, as on the one hand it prevented an abject worship of Learning, so on the other it kept all ascetic eccentricities from the body of the people. And there was always some danger of them at hand. When the temple lay in ashes, men would no longer eat meat or drink

wine. A Sage remonstrated with them, but they replied, weeping: 'Once the flesh of sacrifices was burnt upon the Altar of God. The altar is thrown down. Once libations of wine were poured out. They are no more.' 'But you eat bread; there were bread-offerings.' 'You are right, Master, we shall eat fruit only.' 'But the first fruits were offered up.' 'We shall refrain from them.' 'But you drink water, and there were libations of water.' And they knew not what to reply. Then he comforted them by the assurance that He who had destroyed Jerusalem had promised to rebuild it, and that proper mourning was right and meet, but that it must not be of a nature to weaken the body for work.

Another most striking story is that of the Sage who, walking in a market-place crowded with people, suddenly encountered the prophet Elijah, and asked him who, out of that vast multitude, would be saved. Whereupon the Prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey, 'because he was merciful to his prisoners;' and next two common-looking tradesmen, who came walking through the crowd, pleasantly chatting. The Sage instantly rushed towards them, and asked them what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied: 'We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer, and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad we join him, and we talk to him, and cheer him, so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them and persuade them, until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life.' . . .

Before leaving this period of Mishnic development, we have yet to speak of one or two things. This period is the one in which Christianity arose; and it may be as well to touch here upon the relation between Christianity and the Talmud — a subject much discussed of late. Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, 'among Jews, by Jews, for Jews,' cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form, and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realise; for such

\* See preceding note.



terms as 'Redemption,' 'Baptism,' 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Salvation,' 'Regeneration,' 'Son of Man,' 'Son of God,' 'Kingdom of Heaven,' were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against 'lip-serving,' against 'making the law a burden to the people,' against 'laws that hang on hairs,' against 'Priests and Pharisees.' The fundamental mysteries of the new Faith are matters totally apart; but the Ethics in both are, in their broad outlines, identical. That grand dictum, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by,' against which Kant declared himself energetically from a philosophical point of view, is quoted by Hillel, the President, at whose death Jesus was ten years of age, not as anything new, but as an old and well-known dictum 'that comprised the whole Law.' The most monstrous mistake has ever been our mixing up, in the first instance, single individuals, or classes, with a whole people, and next our confounding the Judaism of the time of Christ with that of the time of the Wilderness, of the Judges, or even of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Judaism of the time of Christ (to which that of our days, owing principally to the Talmud, stands very near), and that of the Pentateuch, are as like each other as our England is like that of William Rufus, or the Greece of Plato than that of the Argonauts. It is the glory of Christianity to have carried those golden germs, hidden in the schools and among the 'silent community' of the learned, into the market of Humanity. It has communicated that 'Kingdom of Heaven,' of which the Talmud is full from the first page to the last, to the herd, even to the lepers. The fruits that have sprung from this through the wide world we need not here consider. But the misconception, as if to a God of Vengeance had suddenly succeeded a God of Love, cannot be too often protested against. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' is a precept of the Old Testament, as our Saviour himself taught his disciples. The 'Law,' as we have seen and shall further see, was developed to a marvellously, and, perhaps, oppressively minute pitch; but only as a regulator of outward actions. The 'faith of the heart' — the dogma prominently dwelt upon by Paul — was a thing that stood much higher with the Pharisees than this outward law. It was a thing, they said, not to be commanded by any ordinance; yet was greater than all. 'Everything,' is one of their adages, 'is in

the hands of Heaven, save the fear of Heaven.'

'Six hundred and thirteen injunctions,' says the Talmud, 'was Moses instructed to give to the people. David reduced them all to eleven, in the fifteenth Psalm: Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle, who shall dwell on Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly,' &c.

'The Prophet Isaiah reduced them to six (xxxiii. 15): — He that walketh righteously,' &c.

'The Prophet Micah reduced them to three (vi. 8): — What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

'Isaiah once more reduced them to two (Ivi. 1): — Keep ye judgment and do justice.

'Amos (v. 4) reduced them all to one: — Seek ye me and ye shall live.

But lest it might be supposed from this that God could be found in the fulfilment of his whole law only, Habakkuk said (ii. 4): — The just shall live by his Faith.'

Regarding these 'Pharisees' or 'Separatists' themselves, no greater or more antiquated mistake exists than that of their being a mere 'sect' hated by Christ and the Apostles. They were not a sect, — any more than Roman Catholics form a 'sect' in Rome, or Protestants a 'sect' in England, — and they were not hated so indiscriminately by Christ and the Apostles as would at first sight appear from some sweeping passages in the New Testament. For the 'Pharisees,' as such, were at that time — Josephus notwithstanding — simply *the* people, in contradistinction to the 'leaven of Herod.' Those 'upper classes' of free-thinking Sadducees, who, in opposition to the Pharisees, insisted on the paramount importance of sacrifices and tithes, of which they were the receivers, but denied the Immortality of the Soul, are barely mentioned in the New Testament. The wholesale denunciations of 'Scribes and Pharisees' have been greatly misunderstood. There can be absolutely no question on this point, that there were among the genuine Pharisees the most patriotic, the most noble minded, the most advanced leaders of the Party of Progress. The development of the Law itself was nothing in their hands but a means to keep the Spirit as opposed to the Word — the outward frame — in full life and flame, and to vindicate for each time its own right to interpret the temporal ordinances according to its own necessities and acquirements. But that there were very many black sheep in their flock — many who traded on the high reputation of the whole body — is matter of reiterated denunciation in the whole contemporary litera-

ture. The Talmud inveighs even more bitterly and caustically than the New Testament against what it calls the 'Plague of Pharisaism,' 'the dyed ones,' 'who do evil deeds like Zimri, and require a goodly reward like Phinehas,' 'they who preach beautifully, but do not act beautifully.' Parodying their exaggerated logical arrangements, their scrupulous divisions and subdivisions, the Talmud distinguishes seven classes of Pharisees, one of whom only is worthy of that name. These are — 1, those who do the will of God from earthly motives; 2, they who make small steps, or say, just wait a while for me; I have just one more good work to perform; 3, they who knock their heads against walls in avoiding the sight of a woman; 4, saints in office; 5, they who implore you to mention some more duties which they might perform; 6, they who are pious because they fear God. The real and only Pharisee is he 'who does the will of his Father which is in Heaven because he loves Him.' Among those chiefly 'Pharisaic' masters of the Mishnic period, whose names and fragments of whose lives have come down to us, are some of the most illustrious men, men at whose feet the first Christians sat, whose sayings — household words in the mouths of the people — prove them to have been endowed with no common wisdom, piety, kindness, and high and noble courage: a courage and a piety they had often enough occasion to seal with their lives.

From this hasty outline of the mental atmosphere of the time when the Mishnah was gradually built up, we now turn to this Code itself. The bulk of ordinances, injunctions, prohibitions, precepts, — the old and new, traditional, derived, or enacted on the spur of the moment, — had, after about eight hundred years, risen to gigantic proportions, proportions no longer to be mastered in their scattered, and, be it remembered, chiefly unwritten, form. Thrice, at different periods, the work of reducing them to system and order was undertaken by three eminent masters; the third alone succeeded. First by Hillel I., under whose presidency Christ was born. This Hillel, also called the second Ezra, was born in Babylon. Thirst for knowledge drove him to Jerusalem. He was so poor, the legend tells us, that once, when he had not money enough to fee the porter of the academy, he climbed up the window-sill one bitter winter's night. As he lay there listening, the cold gradually made him insensible, and the snow covered him up. The darkness of the room first called the attention of those in-

side to the motionless form without. He was restored to life. Be it observed, by the way, that this was on a Sabbath, as, according to the Talmud, danger *always* supersedes the Sabbath. Even for the sake of the tiniest babe it must be broken without the slightest hesitation, 'for the babe will,' it is added, 'keep many a Sabbath yet for that one that was broken for it.'

And here we cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the 'Jewish Sabbath' being a thing of grim austerity. It was precisely the contrary, a 'day of joy and delight,' a 'feast day,' honoured by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, lights, spice, and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import; and the highest expression of the feeling of self-reliance and independence is contained in the adage, 'Rather live on your Sabbath as you would on a week day, than be dependent on others.' But this only by the way.

About 30 B.C., Hillel became President. Of his meekness, his piety, his benevolence, the Talmudical records are full. A few of his sayings will characterize him better than any sketch of ours could do. 'Be a disciple of Aaron, a friend of peace, a promoter of peace, a friend of all men, and draw them near unto the law.' 'Do not believe in thyself till the day of thy death.' 'Do not judge thy neighbour until thou hast stood in his place.' 'Whosoever does not increase in knowledge decreases.' 'Whosoever tries to make gain by the crown of learning perishes.' Immediately after the lecture he used to hurry home. Once asked by his disciples what caused him to hasten away, he replied he had to look after his guest. When they pressed him for the name of his guest, he said that he only meant his soul, which was here to-day and there to-morrow.

One day a heathen went to Shammai, the head of the rival academy, and asked him mockingly to convert him to the law while he stood on one leg. The irate master turned him from his door. He then went to Hillel, who received him kindly, and gave him that reply — since so widely propagated — 'Do not unto another what thou wouldest not have another do unto thee. This is the whole Law, the rest is mere commentary.' Very characteristic is also his answer to one of those 'wits' who used to plague him with their silly questions. 'How many laws are there?' he asked Hillel. 'Two,' Hillel replied, 'one written, and one oral.' Whereupon the other, 'I believe in the first, but I do not see why I should believe in the second.' 'Sit down,' Hillel said. And he wrote down

the Hebrew alphabet. 'What letter is this?' he then asked, pointing to the first. 'This is an Aleph.' 'Good: the next?' 'Beth.' 'Good again. But how do you know that this is an Aleph and this a Beth?' 'Thus,' the other replied, 'we have learnt from our ancestors.' 'Well,' Hillel said, 'as you have accepted this in good faith, accept also the other.' To his mind the necessity of arranging and simplifying that monstrous bulk of oral traditions seems to have presented itself first with all its force. There were no less than some six hundred vaguely floating sections of it in existence by that time. He tried to reduce them to six. But he died, and the work commenced by him was left untouched for another century. Akiba, the poor shepherd who fell in love with the daughter of the richest and proudest man in all Jerusalem, and, through his love, from a clown became one of the most eminent doctors of his generation, nay 'a second Moses,' came next. But he too was unsuccessful. His legal labours were cut short by the Roman executioner. Yet the day of his martyrdom is said to have been the day of the birth of him who, at last, did carry out the work, — Jehuda, the Saint, also called 'Rabbi' by way of eminence. About 200 A.D. the redaction of the whole unwritten law into a code, though still unwritten, was completed after the immense efforts, not of one school, but of all, not through one, but many methods of collection, comparison, and condensation.

When the Code was drawn up, it was already obsolete in many of its parts. More than a generation before the Destruction of the Temple, Rome had taken the penal jurisdiction from the Sanhedrin. The innumerable injunctions regarding the temple-service, the sacrifices, and the rest, had but an ideal value. The agrarian laws for the most part applied only to Palestine; and but an insignificant fraction of the people had remained faithful to the desecrated land. Nevertheless the whole Code was eagerly received as their text-book by the many academies both in Palestine and in Babylonia, not merely as a record of past enactments, but as laws that at some time or other, with the restoration of the commonwealth, would come into full practice as of yore.

The Mishnah is divided into six sections. These are subdivided again into 11, 12, 7, 9 (or 10), 11, and 12 chapters respectively which are further broken up into 524 paragraphs. We shall briefly describe their contents:—

'Section I., *Seeds*: of Agrarian Laws, commencing with a chapter on Prayers. In this

section, the various tithes and donations due to the Priests, the Levites, and the poor, from the products of the lands, and further the Sabbatical year, and the prohibited mixtures in plants, animals, and garments, are treated of.

'Section II., *Feasts*: of Sabbaths, Feast and Fast days, the work prohibited, the ceremonies ordained, the sacrifices to be offered, on them. Special chapters are devoted to the Feast of the Exodus from Egypt, to the New Year's Day, to the Day of Atonement (one of the most impressive portions of the whole book), to the Feast of Tabernacles, and to that of Haman.

'Section III., *Women*: of betrothal, marriage, divorce, &c.: also of vows.

'Section IV., *Damages*: including a great part of the civil and criminal law. It treats of the law of trover, of buying and selling, and the ordinary monetary transactions. Further, of the greatest crime known to the law, viz., idolatry. Next of witnesses, of oaths, of legal punishments, and of the Sanhedrin itself. This section concludes with the so-called "Sentences of the Fathers," containing some of the sublimest ethical dicta known in the history of religious philosophy.

'V., *Sacred Things*: of sacrifices, the first-born, &c.; also of the measurements of the Temple (Middoth).

'Section VI., *Purifications*: of the various Levitical and other hygienic laws, of impure things and persons, their purification, &c.'

There is, it cannot be denied, more symmetry and method in the Mishnah than in the Pandects; although we have not found that minute logical sequence in its arrangement which Maimonides and others have discovered. In fact, we do not believe that we have it in its original shape. But, as far as the single treatises are concerned, the Mishnah is for the most part free from the blemishes of the Roman Code. There are, unquestionably, fewer contradictory laws, fewer repetitions, fewer interpolations, than in the Digests, which, notwithstanding Tribonian's efforts, abound with so-called 'Geminationes,' 'Leges fugitivæ,' 'errativæ,' and so forth; and, as regards a certain outspokenness in bodily things, it has at last been acknowledged by all competent authorities that its language is infinitely purer than that, for instance, of the medieval casuists.

The regulations contained in these six treatises are of very different kinds. They are apparently important and unimportant, intended to be permanent or temporary. They are either clear expansions of Scriptural precepts, or independent traditions, linked to Scripture only hermeneutically. They are 'decisions,' 'fences,' 'injunctions,' 'ordinances,' or simply 'Mosaic Halachah from Sinai'—much as the Roman laws consist of 'Senatusconsulta,' 'Plebiscita,' 'Edic-

ta,' Responsa Prudentium,' and the rest. Save in points of dispute, the Mishnah does not say when and how a special law was made. Only exceptionally do we read the introductory formula 'N. N. has borne witness,' 'I have heard from N. N.,' &c.; for nothing was admitted into the Code but that which was well authenticated first. There is no difference made between great laws and little laws—between ancient and new Halachah. Every precept traditionally received or passed by the majority becomes, in a manner, a religious, divinely sanctioned one, although it was always open to the subsequent authorities to reconsider and to abrogate; as, indeed, one of the chief reasons against the writing down of the Code, even after its redaction, was just this, that it should never become fixed and immutable. That the Mishnah was appealed to for all practical purposes, in preference to the 'Mosaic' law seems clear and natural. Do we generally appeal in our law-courts to the Magna Charta?

This universal reverence for all the manifold contents of the Mishnah is best expressed in the redactor's own words—the motto to the whole collection—'Be equally conscientious in small as in great precepts, for ye know not their individual rewards. Compute the earthly loss sustained by the fulfilment of a law by the heavenly reward derived through it, and the gain derived from a transgression by the punishment that is to follow it. Also contemplate three things, and ye shall not fall into sin: Know what is above ye—an eye that seeth, an ear that heareth, and all your works are written in a book.'

The tone and tenor of the Mishnah is, except in the one special division devoted to Ethics, emphatically practical. It does not concern itself with Metaphysics, but aims at being merely a civil code. Yet it never misses an opportunity of inculcating those higher ethical principles which lie beyond the strict letter of the law. It looks more to the 'intention' in the fulfilment of a precept than to the fulfilment itself. He who claims certain advantages by the letter of the law, though the spirit of humanity should urge him not to insist upon them, is not 'beloved by God and man.' On the other hand, he who makes good by his own free will demands which the law could not have enforced; he, in fact, who does not stop short at the 'Gate of Justice,' but proceeds within the 'line of mercy,' in him the 'spirit of the wise' has pleasure. Certain duties bring fruits (interest) in this world; but the real reward, the 'capital,' is paid back in the

world to come: such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honour to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbor. The Mishnah knows nothing of 'Hell.' For all and any transgressions there were only the fixed legal punishments, or a mysterious sudden 'visitation of God'—the scriptural 'rooting out.' Death atones for all sins. Minor transgressions are redeemed by repentance, charity, sacrifice, and the day of atonement. Sins committed against man are only forgiven when the injured man has had full amends made and declares himself reconciled. The highest virtue lies in the study of the law. It is not only the badge of high culture (as was of old the case in England), but there is a special merit bound up in it that will assist man both in this and in the world to come. Even a bastard who is learned in it is more honoured than a high-priest who is not.

To discuss these laws, their spirit, and their details, in this place, we cannot undertake. But this much we may say, that it has always been the unanimous opinion of both friends and foes that their general character is humane in the extreme: in spite of certain harsh and exceptional laws, issued in times of danger and misery, of revolution and reaction; laws, moreover, which, for the most part, never were and never could be carried into practice. There is an almost modern liberality of view regarding the 'fulfilment of the Law' itself, expressed by such frequent adages as 'The Scripture says, "he shall live by them"—that means, he shall not die through them. They shall not be made pitfalls or burdens to him, that shall make him hate life.' 'He who carries out these precepts to the full is declared to be nothing less than a "Saint." 'The law has been given to men, and not to angels.'

Respecting the practical administration of justice, a sharp distinction is drawn by the Mishnah between the civil and criminal law. In both, the most careful investigation and scrutiny is required; but while in the former three judges are competent, a tribunal of no less than twenty-three is required for the latter. The first duty of the civil judges is always—however clear the case—to urge an agreement. 'When,' says the Talmud, 'do justice and goodwill meet? When the contending parties are made to agree peaceably.' There were both special local magistrates and casual 'justices of peace,' chosen *ad hoc* by the parties. Payment received for a decision annuls the decision. Loss of time only was allowed to be made good in case of tradesmen-judges. The

plaintiff, if proved to have asked more than his due, with a view of thus obtaining his due more readily, was nonsuited. Three partners in an action must not divide themselves into one plaintiff and two witnesses. The Judge must see that both parties are pretty equally dressed, *i. e.* not one in fine garments, the other in rags; and he is further particularly cautioned not to be biased *in favour of the poor against the rich*. The Judge must not hear anything of the case, save in the presence of both parties. Many and striking are also the admonitions regarding the Judge. 'He who unjustly hands over one man's goods to another, he shall pay God for it with his own soul.' 'In the hour when the Judge sits in judgment over his fellow-men, he shall feel, as it were, a sword pointed at his own heart.' 'Woe unto the Judge who, convinced in his mind of the unrighteousness of a cause, tries to throw the blame on the witnesses. From him God will ask an account.' 'When the parties stand before you, look upon both as guilty; but when they are dismissed, let them both be innocent in thine eyes, for the decree has gone forth.'

It would not be easy to find a more humane, almost refined, penal legislation, from the days of the old world to our own. While in civil cases—whenever larger tribunals (juries) had to be called in—a majority of one is sufficient for either acquittal or condemnation, in criminal cases a majority of one acquits, but a majority of two is requisite for condemnation. All men are accepted in the former as witnesses—always except gamblers (*avBeia*—dice-players), betting-men ('pigeon-flyers'), usurers, dealers in illegal (seventh year's) produce, and slaves, who were disqualified from 'judging and bearing witness'—either for the plaintiff or the defendant; but it is only for the defence that everybody, indiscriminately, is heard in criminal cases. The cross-examination of the witnesses was exceedingly strict. The formula (containing at once a whole breviary for the Judge himself) with which the witnesses were admonished in criminal cases was of so awful and striking a nature, that 'swearing a man's life away' became an almost unheard-of occurrence:—

'How is one,' says the Mishnah, 'to awe the witnesses who are called to testify in matters of life and death? When they are brought into Court, they are charged thus: Perchance you would speak from conjecture or rumour, as a witness from another witness—having heard it from "some trustworthy man"—or perchance you are not aware that we shall proceed to search and to try you with close questions and searching scrutiny. Know ye that not like

trials about money are trials over life and death. In trials of money a man may redeem his guilt by money, and he may be forgiven. In trials of life, the blood of him who has been falsely condemned will hang over the false witness, and also that of the seed of his seed, even unto the end of the world; for thus we find that when Cain killed his brother, it is said, "The voice of thy brother's blood is crying to me from the ground." The word blood stands there in the plural number, to indicate to you that the blood of him, together with that of his seed, has been shed. Adam was created alone, to show you that he who destroys one single life in Israel will be called to account for it, as if he had destroyed a whole world. . . . But, on the other hand, ye might say to yourselves, What have we to do with all this misery here? Remember, then, that Holy Writ has said (Lev. v. 1), "If a witness hath seen or known, if he do not utter, he shall bear his iniquity." But perchance ye might say, Why shall we be guilty of this man's blood? Remember, then, what is said in Proverbs (xi. 10), "In the destruction of the wicked there is joy."

The 'Lex Talionis' is unknown to the Talmud. Paying 'measure for measure,' it says, is in God's hand only. Bodily injuries inflicted are to be redeemed by money; and here again the Pharisees had carried the day against the Sadducees, who insisted upon the literal interpretation of that verse. The extreme punishments, 'flagellation' and 'death,' as ordained in the Mosaic Code, were inflicted in a humane manner unknown, as we have said, not only to the contemporary courts of antiquity, but even to those of Europe up to within the last generation. Thirty-nine was the utmost number of strokes to be inflicted: but—the 'loving one's neighbor like oneself' being constantly urged by the Penal Code itself, even with regard to criminals—if the life of the culprit was in the least degree endangered, this number was at once reduced. However numerous the delinquent's transgressions, but one punishment could be decreed for them all. Not even a fine and flagellation could be pronounced on the same occasion.

The care taken of human life was extreme indeed. The judges of capital offences had to fast all day, nor was the sentence executed on the day of the verdict, but it was once more subjected to scrutiny by the Sanhedrin the next day. Even to the last some favourable circumstance that might turn the scale in the prisoner's favour was looked for. The place of execution was at some distance from the Court, in order that time might be given to a witness or the accused himself for naming any fact fresh in his favour. A man was stationed at the entrance to the



Court, with a flag in his hand, and at some distance another man, on horseback, was stationed, in order to stop the execution instantly if any favourable circumstance should still come to light. The culprit himself was allowed to stop four or five times, and to be brought back before the judges, if he had still something to urge in his defence. Before him marched a herald, crying, 'The man N. N., son of N. N., is being led to execution for having committed such and such a crime; such and such are the witnesses against him; whosoever knows aught to his favour, let him come and proclaim it.' Ten yards from the place of execution they said to him, 'Confess thy sins; every one who confesses has part in the world to come; for thus it is written of Achan, to whom Joshua said, My son, give now glory to the God of Israel.' If he 'could not' offer any formal confession, he need only say, 'May my death be a redemption for all my sins.' To the last the culprit was supported by marks of profound and awful sympathy. The ladies of Jerusalem formed a society which provided a beverage of mixed myrrh and vinegar, that, like an opiate, benumbed the man when he was being carried to execution.

There were four kinds of capital punishment,—stoning, burning, slaying with the sword, and strangling. Crucifixion is utterly unknown to the Jewish law. 'The house of stoning' was two stories high, 'stoning' in the Mishnah being merely a term for breaking the culprit's neck. It was the part of the chief witness to precipitate the criminal with his own hand. If he fell on his breast he was turned on his back; if the fall had not killed him on the spot, the second witness had to cast a stone on his heart; if he still survived, then and then only the whole people hastened his death by casting stones upon him. The modes of strangling and burning were almost identical: in both cases the culprit was immersed to his waist in soft mud, and two men by tightening a cord wrapped in a soft cloth round his neck, caused instantaneous suffocation. In the 'burning' a lighted wick was thrown down his throat when he opened his mouth at his last breath. The corpse was buried in a special place appropriated to criminals. After a time, however, the bones were gathered together and transferred to the burial place of the culprit's kin. The relations then visited the judges and the witnesses, 'as much as to say, we bear no malice against you, for a righteous judgment have ye judged.' The ordinary ceremonies of outer mourning were not observed

in such cases, but lamentation was not prohibited during the first period of grief—'for sorrow is from the heart.' There was no confiscation of the culprit's goods.

Practically, capital punishment was abrogated even before the Romans had taken it out of the hands of the Sanhedrin. Here again the humanising influences of the 'Traditions' had been at work, commuting the severe Mosaic Code. The examination of witnesses had been made so rigorous that a sentence of capital punishment became almost impossible. When the guilt had, notwithstanding all these difficulties, been absolutely brought home, some formal flaw was sure to be found, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The doctors of a later period, notably Akiba, who, in the midst of his revolutionary dreams of a new Independence, kept his eye steadily on a reform of the whole jurisdiction, did not hesitate to pronounce openly for the abolition of capital punishment. A Court which had pronounced one sentence of death in seven, or even seventy years, received the name of 'Court of Murderers.'

So far the Mishnah, that brief abstract of about eight hundred years' legal production. Jehudah, the 'Redactor,' had excluded all but the best authenticated traditions, as well as all discussion and exegesis, unless where particularly necessary. The vast mass of these materials was now also collected, as a sort of apocryphal oral code. We have, dating from a few generations after the redaction of the official Mishnah, a so-called external Mishnah (Boraita); further, the discussions and additions belonging by rights to the Mishnah, called Tosefta (Supplement); and, finally, the exegesis and methodology of the Halacha (Sifri, Sifra, Mechilta), much of which was afterwards embodied in the Talmud.

The Mishnah, being formed into a code, became in its turn what the Scripture had been, a basis of development and discussion. It had to be linked to the Bible, it became impregnated with and obscured by speculations, new traditions sprang up, new methods were invented, casuistry assumed its sway—as it did in the legal schools that flourished at that period at Rome, at Alexandria, at Berytus,—and the Gemara ensued. A double Gemara: one, the expression of the schools in Palestine, called that of Jerusalem, redacted at Tiberias (not at Jerusalem) about 390 A.D., and written in what may be called 'East Aramaean'; the other, redacted at Syra in Babylonia, edited by R. Ashe (365–427 A.D.). The final close of this codex, however, the collecting and sifting of

which took just sixty years, is due to the school of the 'Saboraim' at the end of the fifth century A.D. The Babylonian Gemara is the expression of the academies of Syra, Nehardea, Pumbeditha, Mahusa, and other places, during six or seven generations of continuous development. This 'Babylonian' Talmud is couched in 'Western Aramaean.'

Neither of the two codes was written down at first, and neither has survived in its completeness. Whether there ever was a double Gemara to all the six or even the first five divisions of the Mishnah (the sixth having early fallen into disuse), is at least very doubtful. Much, however, that existed has been lost. The Babylonian Talmud is about four times as large as that of Jerusalem. Its thirty-six treatises now cover, in our editions, printed with the most prominent commentaries (Rashi and Tosafoth), exactly 2,947 folio leaves in twelve folio volumes, the pagination of which is kept uniform in almost all editions. If, however, the extraneous portions are subtracted, it is only about ten or eleven times as large as the Mishnah, which was redacted just as many generations before the Talmud.

How the Talmud itself became by degrees what the Mishnah had been to the Gemara, and what the Scripture had been to the early Scribes, viz. a Text; how the 'Saboraim' and 'Gaonim,' those Epigoni of the 'Scribes,' made it the centre of their activity for centuries; what endless commentaries, dissertations, expositions, responses, novelle, abstracts, &c., grew out of it, we cannot here tell. Only this much we will add, that the Talmud, as such, was never formally accepted by the nation, by either General or Special Council. Its legal decisions, as derived from the highest authorities, certainly formed the basis of the religious law, the norm of all future decisions: as undoubtedly the Talmud is the most trustworthy canon of Jewish tradition. But its popularity is much more due to an extraneous cause. During the persecutions against the Jews in the Persian empire, under Jesdegerd II., Firuz, and Kobad, the schools were closed for about eighty years. The living development of the law being stopped, the book obtained a supreme authority, such as had probably never been dreamt of by its authors. Need we add that what authority was silently vested in it belonged exclusively to its legal portions? The other, the 'haggadic' or legendary portion, was 'poetry,' a thing beloved by women and children and by those still and pensive minds which delight in flowers and in the song of wild

birds. The 'Authorities' themselves often enough set their faces against it, repudiated it and explained it away. But the people clung to it, and in course of time gave to it and it alone the encyclopædic name of 'Midrash.'

We have now to say a few words respecting the language in which these documents are couched, as furnishing an additional key to the mode of life and thoughts of the period.

The language of the Mishnah is as pure a Hebrew as can be expected in those days. The people themselves spoke, as we mentioned above, a corrupt Chaldee or Aramaic, mixed with Greek and Latin. Many prayers of the period, the Targums, the Gemaras, are conceived in that idiom. Even the Mishnah itself could not exclude these all-pervading foreign elements. Many legal terms, many names of products, of heathen feasts, of household furniture, of meat and drink, of fruits and garments, are borrowed from the classical languages. Here is a curious addition to the curious history of words! The bread which the Semites had cast upon the waters, in the archaic Phœnician times, came back to them after many days. If they had given to the early Greeks the names for weights and measures,\* for spice and aromas,† every one of which is Hebrew; if they had imported the 'sapphire, jasper, emerald,' the fine materials for garments,‡ and the garments themselves—as indeed the well-known *χιτών* is but the Hebrew name for Joseph's coat in the Bible—if the musical instruments,§ the plants, vessels, writing materials, and last, not least, the 'alphabet' itself, came from the Semites; the Greek and Latin idioms repaid them in the Talmudical period with full interest, to the great distress of the later scholiasts and lexicographers. The Aramaic itself was, as we said, the language of the common people. It was, in itself, a most pellucid and picturesque idiom, lending itself admirably not only to the epigrammatic terseness of the Gemara, but also to those profoundly poetical conceptions of the daily phenomena, which had penetrated even into the cry of the watchmen, the password of the templeguards, and the routine-formula of the levitical functionary. Unfortunately, it was too poetical at times. Matters of a purely metaphysical nature, which afterwards grew into

\* *μνᾶ, κύδος, δραχμή.*

† *μήβρα, κυνίσμιον, κασία, νάρδος, βύλσαμον, ἰλίον, κρόκος, &c.*

‡ *βύσσος, κίρπασος, σινδών.*

§ *νάβλα, κανύρα, σαμβύκη, &c.*

dogmas through its vague phraseology, assumed very monstrous shapes indeed. But it had become in the hands of the people a mongrel idiom; and, though gifted with a fine feeling for the distinguishing characters of each of the languages then in common use ('Aramaic lends itself best to elegies, Greek to hymns, Hebrew to prayer, Roman to martial compositions,' as a common saying has it), they yet mixed them all up, somewhat in the manner of the Pennsylvanians of to-day. After all, it was but the faithful reflex of those who made this idiom an enduring language. These 'Masters of the Law' formed the most mixed assembly in the world. There were not only natives of all the parts of the world-wide Roman empire among them, but also denizens of Arabia and India; a fact which accounts for many phenomena in the Talmud. But there is hardly anything of domestic or public purport, which was not called either by its Greek or Latin name, or by both, and generally in so questionable a shape, and in such obsolete forms, that both classical and Semitic scholars have often need to go through a whole course of archaeology and antiquities before unravelling it.\* Save only one province, that of agriculture. This alone, together with some other trades, had retained the old homely Semitic words: thereby indicating, not, as ignorance might be led to conclude, that the nation was averse to it, but exactly the contrary: that from the early days of Joshua they had never ceased to cherish the thought of sitting under their own vine and fig-tree. We refer for this point to the idyllic picture given in the Mishnah of the procession that went up to Jerusalem with the first-fruits, accompanied by the sound of the flute, the

\* Greek or Latin, or both, were the terms commonly employed by them for the table (*τραπέζα*, *tabula*, *τραπεζῆς*, *τρίπους*), the chair, the bench, the cushion (*subsellium*, *accubitus*), the room in which they lived and slept (*κοίτων*, *εὐνὴ*, *ἐξέδρα*), the cup (*cyathus*, *phiala* *potoria*) out of which they drank, the eating and drinking itself (*onogaron*, *collyra*, *παροφίς*, *γλεῦκος*, *aceraton*, *oponium*, &c.). Of their dress we have the *στολή*, *sagum*, *dalmatica*, *braccæ*, *chirodota*. On their head they wore a *pileus*, and they girded themselves with a *ζώνη*. The words *sandalium*, *solea*, *soleus*, *talaria*, *impillia*, indicate the footgear. Ladies adorned themselves with the *catella*, *cochlear*, *πάρπη*, and other sorts of rings and bracelets, and in general whatever appertained to a Greek or Roman lady's fine apparel. Among the arms which the men wore are mentioned the *λόγχη*, the spear, the *μάχαυρα* (a word found in Genesis), the pugio.

sacrificial bull with gilt horns and an olive-garland round his head proudly marching in front.

The Talmud does, indeed, offer us a perfect picture of the cosmopolitanism and luxury of those final days of Rome, such as but few classical or postclassical writing contain. We find mention made of Spanish fish, of Cretan apples, Bithynian cheese, Egyptian lentils and beans, Greek and Egyptian pumpkins, Italian wine, Median beer, Egyptian Zephyrus: garments were imported from Pelusium and India, shirts from Cilicia, and veils from Arabia. To the Arabic, Persian, and Indian materials contained, in addition to these, in the Gemara, a bare allusion may suffice. So much we venture to predict, that when once archaeological and linguistic science shall turn to this field, they will not leave it again soon.

We had long pondered over the best way of illustrating to our readers the extraordinary manner in which the 'Haggadah,' that second current of the Talmud, of which we spoke in the introduction, suddenly interrupts the course of the 'Halacha,'—when we bethought ourselves of the device of an old master. It was a hot Eastern afternoon, and while he was expounding some intricate subtlety of the law, his hearers quietly fell away in drowsy slumbers. All of a sudden he burst out: 'There was once a woman in Egypt who brought forth at one birth six hundred thousand men.' And our readers may fancy how his audience started up at this remarkable tale of the prolific Egyptian woman. Her name, the master calmly proceeded, was Jochebed, and she was the mother of Moses, who was worth as much as all those six hundred thousand armed men together who went up from Egypt. The Professor then, after a brief legendary digression, proceeded with his legal intricacies, and his hearers slept no more that afternoon. An Eastern mind seems peculiarly constituted. Its passionate love for things wise and witty, for stories and tales, for parables and apologies, does not leave it even in its most severe studies. They are constantly needed, it would appear, to keep the current of its thoughts in motion; they are the playthings of the grown-up children of the Orient. The Haggadah, too, has an exegesis, a system, a method of its own. They are peculiar, fantastic things. We would rather not follow too closely its learned divisions into homiletical, ethical, historical, general and special Haggadah.

The Haggadah in general transforms Scripture, as we said, into a thousand themes for its variations. Everything being bound

up in the Bible — the beginning and the end — there must be an answer in it to all questions. Find the key, and all the riddles in it are solved. The persons of the Bible — the kings and the patriarchs, the heroes and the prophets, the women and the children, what they did and suffered, their happiness and their doom, their words and their lives — became, apart from their pre-supposed historical reality, a symbol and an allegory. And what the narrative had omitted, the Haggadah supplied in many variations. It filled up these gaps, as a prophet looking into the past might do; it explained the motives; it enlarged the story; it found connections between the remotest countries, ages, and people, often with a startling realism; it drew sublime morals from the most commonplace facts. Yet it did all this by quick and sudden motions, to us most foreign; and hence the frequent misunderstanding of its strange and wayward moods.

Passing strange, indeed, are the ways of this Prophetess of the Exile, who appears wherever and whenever she listeth, and disappears as suddenly. Well can we understand the distress of mind in a mediæval divine, or even in a modern *avant*, who, bent upon following the most subtle windings of some scientific debate in the Talmudical pages — geometrical, botanical, financial, or otherwise — as it revolves round the Sabbath journey, the raising of seeds, the computation of tithes and taxes — feels, as it were, the ground suddenly give way. The loud voices grow thin, the doors and walls of the school-room vanish before his eyes, and in their place uprises Rome the Great, the Urbs et Orbis, and her million-voiced life. Or the blooming vineyards around that other City of Hills, Jerusalem the Golden herself, are seen, and white-clad virgins move dreamily among them. Snatches of their songs are heard, the rhythm of their choric dances rises and falls: it is the most dread Day of Atonement itself, which, in most poetical contrast, was chosen by the 'Roses of Sharon' as a day of rejoicing to walk among those waving lilly-fields and vine-clad slopes. Or the clarion of rebellion rings high and shrill through the complicated debate, and Belshazzar, the story of whose ghastly banquet is told with all the additions of maddening horror, is doing service for Nero the bloody; or Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian tyrant, and all his hosts, are cursed with a yelling curse — *à propos* of some utterly inappropriate legal point; while to the initiated he stands for Titus the — at last exploded —

'Delight of Humanity.' The symbols and hieroglyphs of the Haggadah, when fully explained some day, will indeed form a very curious contribution to the unwritten history of man. Often — far too often for the interests of study and the glory of the human race — does the steady tramp of the Roman cohort, the pass-word of the revolution, the shriek and clangour of the bloody field, interrupt these debates, and the arguing masters and disciples don their arms, and, with the cry 'Jerusalem and Liberty,' rush to the fray.

Those who look with an eye of disfavour upon all these extraneous matters as represented by the Haggadah in the Talmud — the fairy tales and the jests, the stories and the parables, and all that strange agglomeration of foreign things crystallized around the legal kernel — should remember, above all, one fact. As this tangled mass lies before us, it represents at best a series of photographic slides, half broken, mutilated, and faded: though what remains of them is startlingly faithful to the original. As the disciple had retained, in his memory or his quick notes, the tenor of the single debates, interspersed with the thousand allusions, reminiscences, *aperçus*, facts, quotations, and the rest, so he perpetuated it — sometimes well, sometimes ill. If well, we have a feeling as if, after a long spell of musings or ponderings, we were trying to retrace the course of our ideas — and the most incongruous things spring up and disappear, apparently without rhyme or reason. And yet there is a deep significance and connection in them. Creeping or flying, melodious or grating, they carry us on; and there is just this difference in the talmudical wanderings, that they never lose themselves. Suddenly, when least expected, the original question is repeated, together with the answer, distilled as it were out of these thousand foreign things of which we did not always see the drift. If ill reported, the page becomes like a broken dream, a half-transparent palimpsest. Would it perhaps have been better if a wise discretion had guided the hands of the first redactors? We think not. The most childish of trifles, found in an Assyrian mound, is of value to him who understands such things, and who from them may deduce a number of surprisingly important results.

We shall devote the brief space that remains to this Haggadah. And for a general picture of it we shall refer to Bunyan, who, speaking of his own book, which — *mutatis mutandis* — is very Haggadistic, unknowingly describes the Haggadah as accurately as can be: —

. . . . 'Would'st thou divert thyself from  
 melancholy?  
 Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from  
 folly?  
 Would'st thou read riddles and their expla-  
 nation?  
 Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?  
 Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st  
 thou see  
 A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to  
 thee?  
 Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not  
 sleep?  
 Or, would'st thou in a moment laugh and  
 weep?  
 Would'st lose thyself, and catch no harm?  
 And find thyself again without a charm?  
 Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st  
 not what?  
 And yet know whether thou art blest or not  
 By reading the same lines? O then come  
 hither,  
 And lay this book, thy head and heart to-  
 gether. . . . .

We would not reproach those who, often  
 with the best intentions in the world, have  
 brought almost the entire Haggadic province  
 into disrepute. We really do not  
 wonder that the so-called 'rabbinical stories,'  
 that have from time to time been brought  
 before the English public, have not met with  
 the most flattering reception. The Talmud,  
 which has a drastic word for every occasion,  
 says, 'They dived into an ocean, and brought  
 up a potsherd.' First of all, these stories  
 form only a small item in the vast mass of  
 allegories, parables, and the like, that make  
 up the Haggadah. And they were partly  
 ill-chosen, partly badly rendered, and partly  
 did not even belong to the Talmud, but to  
 some recent Jewish story-book. Herder —  
 to name the most eminent judge of the  
 'Poetry of Peoples,' — has extolled what he  
 saw of the genuine specimens, in transcen-  
 dental terms. And, in truth, not only is the  
 entire world of pious biblical legend which  
 Islam has said and sung in its many tongues,  
 to the delight of the wise and simple for  
 twelve centuries, now to be found either in  
 embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah,  
 but much that is familiar among ourselves  
 in the circles of medieval sagas, in Dante,  
 in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Milton, in  
 Bunyan, has consciously or unconsciously  
 flowed out of this wondrous realm, the Hag-  
 gadah. That much of it is overstrained,  
 even according to Eastern notions, we do not  
 deny. But there are feeble passages even  
 in Homer and Shakspeare, and there are  
 always people with a happy instinct for  
 picking out the weakest portions of a work;  
 while even the best pages of Shakspeare and

Homer are apt to be spoiled by awkward  
 manipulation. At the same time we are far  
 from advising a wholesale translation of these  
 Haggadic productions. Nothing could be  
 more tedious than a continuous course of  
 such reading, though choice bits from them  
 would satisfy even the most fastidious critic.  
 And such bits, scattered through the Tal-  
 mud, are delightfully refreshing.

It is, unfortunately, not in our power to  
 indicate any specimens of its strikingly keen  
 interpretations, of its gorgeous dreams, its

'Beautiful old stories,  
 Tales of angels, fairy legends,  
 Stilly histories of martyrs,  
 Festal songs and words of wisdom;  
 Hyperboles, most quaint it may be,  
 Yet replete with strength, and fire,  
 And faith — how they gleam,  
 And glow, and glitter!' . . .

as Heine has it.

It seems of more moment to call attention  
 to an entirely new branch of investigation,  
 namely, talmudical metaphysics and ethics,  
 such as may be gleaned from the Haggadah,  
 of which we shall now take a brief glance.

Beginning with the Creation, we find the  
 gradual development of the Cosmos fully  
 recognised by the Talmud. It assumes de-  
 struction after destruction, stage after stage.  
 And in their quaintly ingenious manner the  
 Masters refer to the verse in Genesis, 'And  
 God saw all that he had made, and behold it  
 was very good,' and to that other in Eccles. iii.  
 11, 'God created everything in its proper sea-  
 son,' and argue 'He created worlds upon  
 worlds, and destroyed them one after the  
 other, until He created this world. He then  
 said, 'This pleases me, the others did not;' —  
 'in its proper season' — 'it was not meet to  
 create this world until now.'

The Talmud assumes some original sub-  
 stance, itself created by God, out of which  
 the Universe was shaped. There is a per-  
 ceptible leaning to the early Greek schools.  
 'One or three things were before this world:  
 Water, Fire, and Wind: Water begat the  
 Darkness, Fire begat Light, and Wind begat  
 the Spirit of Wisdom. The *How* of the  
 Creation was not even matter of speculation.  
 The co-operation of angels, whose existence  
 was warranted by Scripture, and a whole  
 hierarchy of whom had been built up under  
 Persian influences, was distinctly denied.  
 In a discussion about the day of their crea-  
 tion it is agreed, on all hands, that there  
 were no angels at first, 'lest men might say  
 "Michael spanned out the firmament on the  
 south, and Gabriel to the north."' There is  
 a distinct foreshadowing of the gnostic Demi-



urgos — that antique link between the Divine Spirit and the World of Matter — to be found in the Talmud. What with Plato were the Ideas, with Philo the Logos, with the Kabbalists the 'World of Aziluth,' what the Gnostics called more emphatically the wisdom (*σοφία*) or power (*δύναμις*), and Plotinus the *vous*, that the Talmudical Authors call Metatron.\* The angels — whose names, according to the Talmud itself, the Jews brought back from Babylon — play, after the exile, a very different part from those before the exile. They are, in fact, more or less Persian: as are also for the most part all incantations, the magical cures, the sidereal influences, and the rest of the 'heathen' elements contained in the Talmud. Even the number of the Angelic Princes is seven, like that of the *Amesha-Speñtas*, and their Hebrew names and their functions correspond, as nearly as can be, to those of their Persian prototypes, who, on their own part, have only at this moment been discovered to be merely allegorical names for God's supreme qualities. Much as the Talmudical authorities inveigh against those 'heathen ways,' sympathetic cures, the exorcisms of demons, the charms, and the rest, the working of miracles, very much in vogue in those days, yet they themselves were drawn into large concessions to angels and demons. Besides the seven Angel Princes, there are hosts of ministering angels — the Persian *Yazatas* — whose functions, besides that of being messengers, are twofold; to praise God and to be guardians of man. In their first capacity they are daily created by God's breath out of a stream of fire that rolls its waves under the divine throne. As guardian angels (Persian *Fravashis*) two of them accompany every man, and for every new good deed man acquires a new guardian angel, who always watches over his steps. When the righteous dies, three hosts of angels meet him. One says (in the words of Scripture), 'He shall go in peace,' the second takes up the strain and says, 'Who has walked in righteousness,' and the third concludes, 'Let him come in peace and rest upon his bed.' If the wicked leaves the world, three hosts of wicked angels come to meet him.

With regard to the providential guidance of the Universe, this was in God's hand alone. As He is the sole Creator and Legislator, so also is He the sole arbiter of destinies. 'Every nation,' the Talmud says, 'has its special guardian angel, its horoscopes, its ruling planets and stars. But there is no

planet for Israel. Israel shall look but to Him. There is no mediator between those who are called His children, and their Father which is in Heaven.' The Jerusalem Talmud, written under the direct influence of Roman manners and customs, has the following parable: 'A man has a patron. If some evil happens to him, he does not enter suddenly into the presence of this patron, but he goes and stands at the door of his house. He does not ask for the patron, but for his favourite slave, or his son, who then goes and tells the master inside: The man N. N. is standing at the gate of the hall: shall he come in or not? — Not so the Holy, praised be He. If misfortune comes upon a man, let him not cry to Michael, and not to Gabriel, but unto Me let him cry, and I will answer him right speedily — as it is said, Every one who shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

The end and aim of Creation is man, who, therefore, was created last, 'when every thing was ready for his reception.' When he has reached the perfection of virtue, 'he is higher than the angels themselves.'

Miracles are considered by the Talmud — much as Leibnitz regards all the movements of every limb of our body — as only possible through a sort of 'preestablished harmony'; i. e., the course of creation was not disturbed by them, but they were all primævally 'existing,' 'pre-ordained.' They were 'created' at the end of all other things, in the gloaming of the sixth day. Among them, however, was — and this will interest our palæographers — also the art of writing: an invention considered beyond all arts: nothing short of a miracle. Creation, together with these so-called exceptions, once established, nothing could be altered in it. The Laws of Nature went on by their own immutable force, however much evil might spring therefrom. 'These wicked ones not only vulgarize my coin,' says the Haggadah with reference to the propagation of the evil-doers and their kin, bearing the human face divine, 'but they actually make me impress base coin with my own stamp.'

God's real name is ineffable; but there are many designations indicative of his qualities, such as the Merciful (*Rachman*, a name of frequent occurrence both in the Koran and in the Talmud), the Holy One, the Place, the Heavens, the Word, Our Father which is in Heaven, the Almighty, the Shechinah, or Sacred Presence.

The doctrine of the soul bears more the impress of the Platonic than of the Aristotelian school. It is held to be pre-existing. All souls that are ever to be united to bodies

\* This name is most probably nothing but Mithra.

have been created once for all, and are hidden away from the first moment of creation. They, being creatures of the highest realms, are cognisant of all things, but, at the hour of their birth in a human body, an angel touches the mouth of the child, which causes it to forget all that has been. Very striking is the comparison between the soul and God, a comparison which has an almost pantheistic look. 'As God fills the whole universe,' says the Haggadah, 'so the soul fills the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so the soul sees and is not seen; as God nourishes the whole universe, so the soul nourishes the whole body; as God is pure, so the soul is pure.' This purity is specially dwelt upon in contradistinction to the theory of hereditary sin, which is denied. 'There is no death without individual sin, no pain without individual transgression. That same spirit that dictated in the Pentateuch, "And parents shall not die for their children, nor the children for their parents," has ordained that no one should be punished for another's transgressions.' In the judgment on sin the *animus* is taken into consideration. The desire to commit the vice is held to be more wicked than the vice itself.

The fear of God, or a virtuous life, the whole aim and end of a man's existence, is entirely in man's hand. 'Everything is in God's hand save the fear of God.' But 'one hour of repentance is better than the whole world to come.' The fullest liberty is granted in this respect to every human being, though the help of God is necessary for carrying it out.

The dogma of the Resurrection and of Immortality, vaguely indicated in the various parts of the Old Testament, has been fixed by the Talmud, and traced to several biblical passages. Various are the similes by which the relation of this world to the world to come is indicated. This world is like unto a 'Prosdora' to the next: 'Prepare thyself in the hall, that thou mayest be admitted into the palace;' or 'This world is like a road-side inn (hospitium), but the world to come is like the real home.' The righteous are represented as perfecting themselves and developing all their highest faculties even in the next world; 'for the righteous there is no rest, neither in this world nor in the next, for they go, say the Scriptures, from host to host, from striving to striving: — they will see God in Zion.' How all its deeds and the hour when they were committed are unfolded to the sight of the departed soul, the terrors of the grave, the rolling back to Je-

rusalem on the day of the great trumpet, we need not here tell in detail. These half-metaphysical, half-mystical speculations are throughout in the manner of the more poetical early Church fathers of old and of Bunyan in our times. Only the glow of imagination and the conciseness of language in which they are mostly told in the Talmud contrast favourably with the verbosity of later times. The Resurrection is to take place by the mystic power of the 'Dew of Life' in Jerusalem — on Mount Olivet, add the Targums.

There is no everlasting damnation according to the Talmud. There is only a temporary punishment even for the worst sinners. 'Generations upon generations' shall last the damnation of idolaters, apostates, and traitors. But there is a space of 'only two fingers' breath between Hell and Heaven; the sinner has but to repent sincerely and the gates to everlasting bliss will spring open. No human being is excluded from the world to come. Every man, of whatever creed or nation, provided he be of the righteous, shall be admitted into it. The punishment of the wicked is not specified, as indeed all the descriptions of the next world are left vague, yet, with regard to Paradise, the idea of something inconceivably glorious is conveyed at every step. The passage, 'Eye has not seen, nor has ear heard,' is applied to its unspeakable bliss. 'In the next world there will be no eating, no drinking, no love and no labour, no envy, no hatred, no contest. The Righteous will sit with crowns on their heads, glorying in the Splendour of God's Majesty.'

The essence of prophecy gives rise to some speculation. One decisive talmudical dictum is, that God does not cause his spirit to rest upon any one but a strong, wise, rich, and humble man. Strong and rich are in the Mishnah explained in this wise: 'Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.' There are degrees among prophets. Moses saw everything clearly; the other prophets as in dark mirrors. 'Ezekiel and Isaiah say the same things, but Ezekiel like a town-bred man, Isaiah like a villager.' The prophet's word is to be obeyed in all things, save when he commands the worship of idolatry. The notion of either Elijah or Moses having in reality ascended 'to Heaven' is utterly repudiated, as well as that of the Deity (Shechinah) having descended from Heaven 'more than ten hands' breadth.

The 'philosophy of religion' will be best comprehended by some of those 'small coins,' the popular and pithy sayings, gnomes,

proverbs, and the rest, which, even better than street songs, characterise a time. With these we shall conclude. We have thought it preferable to give them at random as we found them, instead of building up from them a system of 'Ethics' or 'Duties of the Heart.' We have naturally preferred the better and more characteristic ones that came in our way. We may add — a remark perhaps not quite superfluous — that the following specimens, as well as the quotations which we have given in the course of this article, have been all translated by us, as literally as possible, from the Talmud itself.

'Be thou the cursed, not he who curses. Be of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute. Look at Scripture: there is not a single bird more persecuted than the dove; yet God has chosen her to be offered up on his altar. The bull is hunted by the lion, the sheep by the wolf, the goat by the tiger. And God said, "Bring me a sacrifice, not from them that persecute, but from them that are persecuted." — We read (Ex. xvii. 11) that while, in the contest with Amalek, Moses lifted up his arms, Israel prevailed. Did Moses' hands make war or break war? But this is to tell you that as long as Israel are looking upwards, and humbling their hearts before their Father which is in Heaven, they prevail; if not, they fall. In the same way you find (Num. xxi. 9), "And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." Dost think that a serpent killeth or giveth life? But as long as Israel are looking upwards to their Father which is in Heaven they will live; if not, they will die. — "Has God pleasure in the meat and blood of sacrifices?" asks the prophet. No; He has not so much ordained as permitted them. It is for yourselves, he says, not for me, that you offer. Like a king, who sees his son carousing daily with all manner of evil companions: You shall henceforth eat and drink entirely at your will at my own table, he says. They offered sacrifices to demons and devils, for they loved sacrificing, and could not do without it. And the Lord said, "Bring your offerings to Me; you shall then at least offer to the true God." — Scripture ordains that the Hebrew slave who "loves" his bondage, shall have his ear pierced against the door-post. Why? because it is that ear which heard on Sinai, "They are My servants, they shall not be sold as bondsmen: — They are My servants, not servants' servants. And this man voluntarily throws away his precious freedom — "Pierce his ear!" — "He who sacrifices a whole offering, shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt-offering, shall have the reward of a burnt-offering; but he who offers humility unto God and man, shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sac-

rifices in the world.' — The child loves its mother more than its father. It fears its father more than its mother. See how the Scripture makes the father precede the mother in the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy father and thy mother;" and the mother, when it says, "Honour thy mother and thy father." — Bless God for the good as well as the evil. When you hear of a death, say, "Blessed is the righteous Judge." — Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open. — Prayer is Israel's only weapon, a weapon inherited from its fathers, a weapon tried in a thousand battles. — When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it — well may he weep. — Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower, of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in his flight — away flies the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow. — Repent one day before thy death. There was a king who bade all his servants to a great repast, but did not indicate the hour: some went home and put on their best garments and stood at the door of the palace; others said, There is ample time, the king will let us know beforehand. But the king summoned them of a sudden; and those that came in their best garments were well received, but the foolish ones, who came in their slovenliness, were turned away in disgrace. Repent to-day, lest to-morrow ye might be summoned. — The aim and end of all wisdom are repentance and good works. — Even the most righteous shall not attain to so high a place in Heaven as the truly repentant. — The reward of good works is like dates: sweet and ripening late. — The dying benediction of a sage to his disciples was: I pray for you that the fear of Heaven may be as strong upon you as the fear of man. You avoid sin before the face of the latter: avoid it before the face of the All-seeing. — "If your God hates idolatry, why does he not destroy it?" a heathen asked. And they answered him: Behold, they worship the sun, the moon, the stars; would you have him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish? — If your God is a "friend of the poor," asked another, why does he not support them? Their case, a sage answered, is left in our hands, that we may thereby acquire merits and forgiveness of sin. But what a merit it is! the other replied; suppose I am angry with one of my slaves, and forbid him food and drink, and some one goes and gives it him furtively, shall I be much pleased? Not so, the other replied. — Suppose you are wroth with your only son, and imprison him without food, and some good man has pity on the child, and saves him from the pangs of hunger, would you be so very angry with the man? And we, if we are called servants of God, are also called his children. He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; whilst he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a

tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot.

'Love your wife like yourself, honour her more than yourself. Whosoever lives unmarried, lives without joy, without comfort, without blessing. Descend a step in choosing a wife. If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper into her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself — around him the world grows dark. It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house. She teaches the children, speeds the husband to the place of worship and instruction, welcomes him when he returns, keeps the house godly and pure, and God's blessings rest upon all these things. He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him. The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician. The birds in the air even despise the miser. He who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses himself. Honour the sons of the poor, it is they who bring science into splendour. Let the honour of thy neighbour be to thee like thine own. Rather be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame. Hospitality is the most important part of Divine worship. There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all. Iron breaks the stone, fire melts iron, water extinguishes fire, the clouds drink up the water, a storm drives away the clouds, man withstands the storm, fear unmans man, wine dispels fear, sleep drives away wine, and death sweeps all away — even sleep. But Solomon the Wise says: Charity saves from Death. — How can you escape sin? Think of three things: whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and to whom thou wilt have to account for all thy deeds: even to the King of Kings, the All-Holy, praised be He. Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder. The cock and the owl both await the daylight. The light, says the cock, brings delight to me, but what are you waiting for? When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man. If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee. Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: be discreet. The dog sticks to you on account of the crumbs in your pocket. He in whose family there has been one hanged should not say to his neighbour, Pray hang this little fish up for me. The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears. The soldiers fight, and the kings are the heroes. The thief invokes God while he breaks into the house. The woman of sixty will run after music like one of six. After the thief runs the thief; after the beggar, poverty. While thy foot is shod, smash the thorn. When the ox is down, many are the butchers. Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step

in choosing a friend. If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself. Luck makes rich, luck makes wise. Beat the gods, and the priests will tremble. Were it not for the existence of passions, no one would build a house, marry a wife, beget children, or do any work. The sun will go down all by himself, without your assistance. The world could not well get on without perfumers and without tanners; but woe unto the tanner, well to the perfumer! Fools are no proof. No man is to be made responsible for words which he utters in his grief. One eats, another says grace. He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed. One contrition in man's heart is better than many flagellations. If our ancestors were like angels, we are like men; if our ancestors were like men, we are like asses. Do not live near a pious fool. If you wish to hang yourself, choose a big tree. Rather eat onions and sit in the shadow, and do not eat geese and poultry if it makes thy heart uneasy within thee. A small stater (coin) in a large jar makes a big noise. A myrtle, even in a desert, remains a myrtle. When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher: whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher. Even if the bull have his head deep in his trough, hasten, upon the roof, and drag the ladder after you. Get your living by skinning carcasses in the street, if you cannot otherwise, and do not say, I am a priest, I am a great man; this work would not befit my dignity. — Youth is a garland of roses, age is a crown of thorns. Use a noble vase even for one day — let it break to-morrow. The last thief is hanged first. Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know. The heart of our first ancestors was as large as the largest gate of the Temple, that of the later ones like that of the next large one; ours is like the eye of a needle. Drink not, and you will not sin. Not what you say about yourself, but what others say. Not the place honours the man, but the man the place. The cat and the rat make peace over a carcass. A dog away from his native kennel dares not to bark for seven years. He who walks daily over his estates finds a little coin each time. He who humiliates himself will be lifted up; he who raises himself up will be humiliated. Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; he who runs from greatness, greatness follows him. He who curbs his wrath, his sins will be forgiven. Whosoever does not persecute them that persecute him, whosoever takes an offence in silence, he who does good because of love, he who is cheerful under his sufferings — they are the friends of God, and of them the Scripture says, And they shall shine forth as does the sun at noonday. Pride is like idolatry. Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable. When

the end of a man is come, everybody lords it over him. While our love was strong, we lay on the edge of a sword; now it is no longer strong, a sixty-yard-wide bed is too narrow for us. A Galilean said: When the shepherd is angry with his flock, he appoints to it a blind bell-wether. The day is short and the work is great; but the laborers are idle, though the reward be great, and the master of the work presses. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work: but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward: for the master who employed thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world.' . . . .

Solemnly, as a warning and as a comfort, this adage strikes on our ear:—'And it is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work.' When the Masters of the Law entered and left the academy they used to offer up a short but fervent prayer, in which we would fain join at this moment—a prayer of thanks that they had been able to carry out their task thus far; and a prayer further, 'that no evil might arise at their hands, that they might not have fallen into error, that they might not declare pure that which was impure, impure that which was pure, and that their words might be pleasing and acceptable to God and to their fellow-men.'

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From Good Words.

#### A RELEASED PRISONER.

THE gaol in the ancient city of — is a dark massive old building that has remained unchanged among all the modern improvements which have produced our model prisons and new convict establishments. A portentous wall, thick and high enough to stand a siege, surrounds it on all sides, leaving only a portion of the roof visible to the outer world. Through this wall a huge black door, guarded on either side by two enormous cannons, leads into an enclosure which is mournfully ornamented by a few sickly plants languishing in the perpetual shadow. Here the gaol itself stands—a great mass of gloomy stone, pierced at rare intervals by little oblong windows, closely barred and not more than a foot in height. Another black door, as menacing as the first, gives entrance into a stone hall, the walls of which are decorated with handcuffs and various other formidable-looking instruments. From this centre, iron-clad doors, turning on a pivot, lead into those

portions of the building where the treadmill, shot drill, and oakum-picking are going on all day, while a steep stone staircase ascends to the upper regions, where the inconceivably gloomy little cells are placed, which are only rather better than the black hole destined for the improvement of refractory prisoners. Altogether it would not be easy to imagine a more forbidding place of incarceration for offenders against the majesty of the law.

One morning in the early part of the year, when earth, and air, and sky were all filled with the inexpressible sweetness and beauty of returning spring, a prisoner lay upon his narrow bed, in a cell at the very top of this old gaol. Very dark and cold was the cell, while the glorious sunshine was lavishing its light and warmth on the free air without, and the convict shivered as he drew the coarse brown coverlet closer round his gaunt, attenuated frame. The outline of his massive limbs, now shrunk and wasted, was plainly seen through the scanty covering, and showed that he had been a tall powerful man of great physical strength; while the strongly-marked features of the wan, thin face were even yet expressive of the energy and determination which he was never more to exercise for good or evil—for the man was sick unto death. He had entered almost the last stage of lingering decline. His thick black hair was matted with the heavy dew which drained his strength every night. His broad chest, where the bones seemed almost starting through the skin, was shaken continually by his hacking cough, and the large muscular hands that lay on the coverlet were powerless as those of a child. Only his eyes, dark and keen, retained some of their former fire, and shone with feverish brilliancy under the bushy black eyebrows which overhung them. It was sad to see the wreck of so much physical power, but sadder still to note the expression of hopeless misery on the sullen face, which told of a soul wasting under far more deadly evils than those which were consuming his worn frame. A jug of water stood on a chair by his side, with which he tried from time to time to cool his parched lips; but it was a fiercer thirst which made him look up continually with such an eager, longing gaze to the dismal little window, and then turn, sighing impatiently, to bury his face on the pillow.

Meanwhile the governor of the prison, a grave, somewhat stern-looking man, was standing in his own sitting-room below, talking to a lady who had just come in.



She was a habitual visitor at the gaol, and had permission to see the female prisoners whenever she chose; but she was only allowed to visit the men when serious sickness detained them in their separate cells. It happened, however, that she had been absent since the prisoner we have been describing had been so ill as to be confined to bed, and she had hitherto known nothing of his case.

"I have been hoping you would come, Miss M——," said the governor; "we have got a sick man just now whom the chaplain can make nothing of, and I do not like to think of his going out of the world like a dumb beast, as he seems to be doing."

"Is he dying, then?"

"Dying as certainly as ever man was. The doctor says he cannot live till his term of imprisonment is over, and that is in a month from this time. He is consumptive."

"Who is he?" said Miss M——.

"That is more than any of us can tell you," replied the governor. "He calls himself John Hill, but he owns that is not his real name. He will not say where his native place is, or where his friends are, because he is afraid he should let them know of his hopeless illness, and he says he has been such a disgrace to them all, they would wish nothing better than that he should die and be buried in some distant place, where they could never hear of him again."

"Poor fellow!" said Miss M——.

"Ah, but you ought to know he has been a very bad fellow, too. He has had twelve months here for burglary, and the only thing we really know of him is, that he has been in several gaols before. We traced him back six or seven years, and the most of that time he has spent in prison for different offences, and his conduct in here has not been such as to let me show him much indulgence, even since he has been ill. I wish you to see him because the man is dying, and I am bound to do what I can for the good of his soul; but you must not suppose I expect you to be able to move him one way or other; he is as sullen and dogged with the chaplain and the rest of us as ever he can be. He is past reformation; you may depend upon it he will die the villain he has always been."

"Well, I shall be glad to go to him," said Miss M——, and the governor called the head turnkey to show her to Hill's cell. This turnkey, a gaunt, powerful man, was a corporal on half-pay, a good honest fellow as ever breathed, and he entertained quite a romantic friendship for the lady

who, as he expressed it, "took such a wonderful deal of trouble with this precious lot of blackguards."

"You'll have a stiff job with this here chap, ma'am, if you are going to try to make a Christian of him," he said, as they toiled up the steep stone staircase together. "You should just hear him swear!"

"Well, I think I would rather not," she answered, with a smile; "but perhaps there is a little good in him somewhere, Perry, which you have not discovered yet."

"If there is, ma'am, you'll be the one to find it out. I know very well; but I will say this, bad as he is, I am sorry for the poor devil — excuse the word, ma'am, it slipped out unawares — he do pine and groan so for his time to be up that he may go out from here, and it is certain sure he'll never go out but in his coffin. I'll just run on and see if he is ready for you."

He hurried up the remaining steps, and as he unlocked the door and went into the cell, she heard him say to the prisoner, —

"Here's a lady come to see you, Hill, so see that you mind your manners, and don't turn your back on her as you do on the parson."

He held the door open for her till she passed in, and then went out, closing it after him, and saying that he would remain within call till she was ready to leave the cell.

Miss M—— sat down beside the prisoner, who was now lying with his hands clasped above his head, gazing up at the window, and he turned his eyes upon her, as she took her place, with a half-indifferent look of surprise and curiosity, but without the slightest change in the expression of dogged hopelessness which was the marked characteristic of his face. As she looked on the guilty, despairing man before her, dying in ghastly defiance of all those who might have given him hope in his death, her heart went out to him, in a compassionate tenderness, which shone in her eyes and thrilled in her voice, as she addressed him in the gentlest of accents. She told him how she grieved to see him so ill, how very hard it must be for him to lie there suffering day and night, and how much she felt for him in all he had to endure. Not a word did she attempt of religious teaching; not the slightest allusion did she make to his position as a criminal. She spoke to him as she might have done to her own brother had he lain there suffering before her, and the look of surprise in the prisoner's eyes deepened as he listened to her. The hopeless gloom of his face did not lighten, however, as he said —

"I be mortal bad, sure enough; but I shall never be better till I get out of this awful place."

"It must, indeed, be dreadful for you to be here," she answered. "I pity you so much, for I know how you must long for the fresh air and the green fields."

"Ah, that I do!" he said, with a gasping sigh.

"The night is your worst time, is it not?" said Miss M—. "I always think the long, dark hours must be terrible here; you are locked up so soon, it must make the time seem as if it would never end."

"And that's true enough," he answered. "I've been like to hang myself many times o' nights."

"I am glad you have one of the men to stay with you now you are so ill. I hope he is attentive to you?"

"He is little enough good to me, ma'am, for he sleeps like a blessed 'un all night. It most drives me wild to see him, for I can't sleep; this cruel cough keeps me waking, sure enough."

"Poor fellow," she said, compassionately. "The chaplain comes to see you in the daytime, does he not? That must make a little change for you."

"Yes," he said, sullenly; "he comes to tell me about hell, and I don't want to hear him; I shall taste it soon enough!" and he shuddered. She looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, and then by a sudden impulse exclaimed—

"Oh, Hill, you do not know how sorry I am for you; do tell me if there is anything in the world I can do for you; I should be so glad if I could help you." He turned round and stared at her in utter amazement.

"I'm not a man as any one would help," he said at last. "Knocking me about, and flinging me into gaols is the best of treatment I gets." He tried to take up the jug of water as he spoke, but it was almost too heavy for his trembling hand. Miss M— raised it, and held it to his lips. He drank some eagerly, and then pushed it away. "Taint no good; it leaves me as dry as I was."

"I do not think the water is fresh," said Miss M—, as she looked at it.

"No, it's bad, like every thing else in this wretched place."

"And you are so thirsty," she said, with genuine sympathy. "I think, however, I could get you something to drink which would be more refreshing than this plain water. Do you know what lemonade is?"

"Is that something with lemons and cold

water, and just a little sharp to the taste?" he asked eagerly. "I had some on it at a fair once. Oh, I should like some of that, ma'am. Could you get it for me?"

"I think I could," she answered. "You know it is against rule for me to give you anything myself; but the doctor would, I am sure, order you to have whatever you required; so I will ask the governor to let you have some at once, and I will get it for you immediately."

"Oh, ma'am, I shall be so much obliged to you. I do seem so parched, and you wouldn't believe what a fever I be in at times."

"I can well understand it," she said. "Your head is very hot now, is it not?" And she laid her hand gently on his forehead. As he felt the cool, soft touch, he closed his eyes with a sort of sigh of contentment, murmuring, "That is beautiful!" His head was burning; and, that he might have more permanent relief than her hand could afford, she dipped her handkerchief in cold water, and laid it on his forehead. He looked up at her gratefully.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, ma'am; but do you think," he added, with a half-timid, wistful eagerness, "that I shall be having some of that stuff soon as you spoke of to quench my thirst?"

"You shall have it almost instantly," she said, smiling. "I will go at once, and make it at my house; and I will bring it back myself, and give it to the turnkey to bring to you, so that you may have it without delay; and I will send you some oranges, too; you would like them, would you not?"

"Oh, that I should!" he said, earnestly.

"Then I will leave you now, that you may have them as soon as possible;" and, evidently to his great surprise, shaking hands with him, she left the cell.

Perry was overlooking the work of one of the prisoners who was cleaning the passage, and the man was one whom Miss M— had known when he was ill; so she stopped to speak to him while the turnkey went to lock the door of the cell she had left. As he did so, she heard Hill say to him—

"If you please, sir, would you tell me if that lady is paid for coming here the same as the chaplain is?"

"Paid! bless your stupid brains, whatever makes you fancy such a thing as that? Paid! I should think not, indeed. She's got money of her own that she gives to them as needs; and sadly she's imposed upon, poor lady. But the notion of the

like of her being paid! Just you take care I never hear you say such a word again."

"I meant no offence," said Hill, humbly. "Do you think, sir, she will come again to see me?"

"Sure to; she is always here two or three times a week, and she is certain to come up to you."

The turnkey came out as he spoke, and locked the door behind him; and as Miss M—— followed him through the long passages, she felt more than ever saddened at the condition of the poor prisoner she had left. It was so evident from what he had said to Perry that the possibility of kindness which was not compulsory or the result of self-interest had never before been made known to him in the dark, struggling, wretched life he had led.

With some little difficulty, she persuaded the governor that lemonade and oranges came within the definition of the doctor's order—that Hill was to have whatever was requisite, and he promised that they should be faithfully conveyed to the prisoner as soon as she sent them.

When Miss M—— next visited the gaol, somewhat sooner than usual, as she felt anxious to see the poor man again, the turnkey told her that Hill had never ceased asking when she would be likely to come, and his pleased, respectful greeting as she went in was so different from the gloomy indifference he had manifested on her first visit that she was quite surprised. She soon saw, however, that it was owing simply to the discovery he had made that she was not, as he expressed it, paid for coming, but that it was genuine interest in himself which brought her. After having told her eagerly how much relief he had derived from the fruit and other things she had sent him, he said, looking at her earnestly—

"It is wonderful goodness in you to come and sit in this here cell with a poor wretch like me. I do think it is wonderful."

"Indeed, Hill, I assure you it is the greatest pleasure to me to come to you, because I hope so much that I may be able to comfort you."

"And you wish to comfort me?" he asked, with a wistful inquiring look that was very touching.

"With my whole heart," she answered warmly. "I am so grieved at all you have to suffer that there is nothing I would not do to relieve you if I knew how."

A sudden fit of coughing checked him as he was going to answer, and when it was

over he lay back exhausted, while she bathed his face and hands with a gentle touch which seemed to calm him strangely. When he could speak again, he yielded to the natural craving for human sympathy from which he seemed to have believed himself altogether shut out before, and began to tell her of all his many physical sufferings in complete detail, finding apparently real pleasure in the mere sound of her voice as she answered him with words of earnest compassion. He was dwelling on the long sleepless nights of feverish restlessness, and she said—

"Perhaps if you should grow worse, they will think it necessary that you should have a regular sick nurse to sit up with you, and if they do, I will ask the governor to let me come. I am a very good nurse," she added, smiling.

He opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You, ma'am, to come and sit up all night in this cold cell with me!"

"Yes, why not?" she said.

"And you would do this for me?"

"Indeed I would most gladly."

"I could never have believed it!" he exclaimed, as if speaking more to himself than to her; then his eyes turned involuntarily to the window which his gaze was ever seeking. "Ah!" he said, "I am safe to get worse if I stay in this dreadful place much longer. I believe it would be the death of me if I had not the chance of getting out soon; but, after all, if it were not that they say it will be worse for such as I am in kingdom come, I might as well die as live, for I'm a poor forsaken wretch without ever a friend in the world."

"Don't say that," exclaimed Miss M——, taking the bony wasted hand in both of hers. "You must never feel lonely or forsaken any more, for you have got me for your friend now, and I will be a true one to you as long as you live."

"You my friend!" he said slowly, turning round to look at her. "A lady like you my friend! You never mean it surely."

"Do you think I would deceive you?" she said very softly, bending over him, and meeting the gaze of his wondering wistful eyes.

"You don't look like one as would."

"No, indeed, I would not. I really mean what I say when I tell you that I want you to take me as your own true friend who will never fail you; and you must speak to me of all your troubles as you would to your mother or sister, and tell me everything you would like me to do for you."

"A friend! my friend!" he said, repeating the words as if he could not bring him-

self to realise their meaning. He was silent for a moment, then suddenly grasping her hand almost convulsively, he said — "Ma'am, when I came into this wretched place I thought it was all over with me, and that there wasn't a chance of any good ever coming to me in the world again. When I took my trial there was not a soul to say a word for me, and all as ever knew me before would have been glad enough I should rot and die in the gaol and be buried like a dog. I knew that right well, and I did not believe any one would ever look at me again, except to curse me for a vagabond, and now I've got a friend! a friend!" And as he lay holding her hand in his, tears gathered slowly in his dark sunken eyes and rolled over his cheeks. How long was it since the blessed dew of tears had come to soften the arid desolation of that poor hopeless soul, like waters from heaven falling on the burning sand of a desert waste! As Miss M— watched him weeping quietly, and almost unconsciously, his lips still forming the word that had had such power to move him, a bright hope rose in her heart for him, that those poor wandering feet might even yet attain to the eternal shore, and the weary, sin-stained man lie down to rest for ever in the everlasting Arms, for the heart that had been touched by the divine fire of love, when seen through human agency alone, faint and feebly, would surely open wide to receive the glorious fulness of that eternal Tenderness which is the charity that never faileth, and life for evermore. But she could do no more that day. The turnkey came to tell her it was time to lock up the prisoners for the night, and she was obliged to loosen her hand gently from Hill's grasp, and, with a few kind words, leave him to his solitude. It was very pleasant to Miss M— next day, to see the genuine delight with which the prisoner welcomed her: he was now quite at his ease with her, though perfectly respectful in his manner, and he began to tell her very freely all he had been feeling and thinking since the day before. He had had a better night in every way, he said, and he had dreamt of his mother for the first time for many years; she had died when he was quite a youngster, but he thought he saw her standing by his bedside as plain as ever in his life, and she had laid her hand on his head just as Miss M— had done, and had spoken kindly to him, and he seemed so happy in his dream. Then he went on to speak of his childhood and early years, and how he had learnt to read and write, and had good schooling, only he had made a bad use of

it, worse luck! As he rambled on, Miss M— saw with satisfaction than in trying to draw this man out of the darkness of his evil life, to the light and hope which follows true repentance, she should not have to combat the almost insurmountable difficulty of that unreasoning scepticism which pervades the lower classes to a much greater extent than is generally supposed. It never seemed to have occurred to John Hill to doubt the truth of that religion which he had learnt in his youth sufficiently well to make him now feel it to be his condemnation. As he spoke of his first lapses into evil doings, and then touched in general terms on the later years of his life, which he described as having been literally steeped in wickedness, it was evident that he looked upon himself as irretrievably lost, and that it needed only the conviction of approaching death, which had not yet fastened itself upon him, to plunge him into ghastly terrors of the retribution awaiting him. It seemed a relief to him to tell out some of the dark thoughts and painful recollections which had been pent up in his own sad heart through the long hours of prison solitude, and as he did so he referred continually, with the utmost expressions of delight, to the fact that in Miss M— he had now a friend—repeating the word again and again, as if the very sound gave him pleasure, and looking up with grateful eyes when her answers manifested her genuine interest in all his griefs and sufferings. At last, Miss M— decided on hazarding her first words of direct religious teaching—feeling that the time might now be come when they could be safely spoken.

"If you find it a comfort to have me for your friend, John, what a wonderful happiness it is to think that you have a far better Friend, who loves and cares for you a thousand times beyond what I or any human being can!"

He looked at her in blank astonishment—

"Who might you mean, my dear lady?"

"The best and dearest Friend we can any of us have," she answered in a low tone; "the only one who can help us when our fellow-creatures can do no more for us—the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour of the world."

His face darkened, and he half turned away—

"He is no friend to me, ma'am, such as I am. I know that well enough. He is waiting to send me down to hell."

"Oh, no, John!" she exclaimed earnestly. "He is waiting to save you—longing

to bless you. He gave His very life for you, and was glad to die the cruellest of cruel deaths that He might win pardon for you, and take you to be in joy and gladness with Himself in heaven. Oh, John, you don't know how He loves you, and how He longs to make you happy and to comfort you."

The man's features worked with agitation under her earnest words.

"But, ma'am," he said, laying his trembling hand on hers, "You don't know how bad I've been. It isn't only that I have done every sort of wickedness, and made it my business, and gained my living by it—but I've delighted in it, I schemed and strove for it, and took my pleasure in it. I believe there isn't a bad thing as I haven't done—excepting murder. I never murdered any one, but it's the best I can say for myself. I've done all the rest."

"But that is all past, John. You repent of it now. You would not go back to it again if you could, I am sure."

"I don't feel as if I should," he said slowly. "I seem to hate it all now, but I don't know how it might be if I were free again and out among my pals; but I'll tell you what, ma'am, such a one as you couldn't guess how desperate bad I've been. If ever Jesus Christ looks on me, it'll be to fling me in the lake of fire. Lord! just to fancy His ever thinking of making me happy in heaven!"

"Yet, John, it was the lost whom He came to seek and save, when He left the glory and the joys of heaven to come down into this sinful world, because He would not see us perish. It is not our own good deeds that could ever save us, but the love of Jesus, who bore our punishment and took all our wickedness upon Himself. It is the only hope that any of us have, John. I should be as full of despair as you if I could not trust that my sins may be forgiven for the dear Lord's sake."

"You, ma'am! You haven't any sins, I am very sure. I couldn't believe as ever you did the least thing as was wrong."

"Indeed you are much mistaken," she said, smiling sadly; "but now I want you to listen while I try to show you the hope that even the worst of sinners may have, if only he will come repentant to the feet of Christ." And with all the earnestness which her intense desire to bring comfort to that forlorn soul inspired her with, she spoke to the prisoner of the infinite love which conquered death and hell upon the Cross of Calvary, and was even then brooding over him with yearning compassion,

tender as that of a mother for her child, boundless and mighty as that of God for His creature. The prisoner listened with eager pleasure, as if it were a strain of lovely music which laid his very soul to rest; but when at last she ceased, and asked him if he could not fling himself with all his guilt upon that wonderful love of Christ, and trust its unquenchable pity to save him even yet, he looked up into her face with almost an agony of mingled longing and despair, and said—

"Oh! ma'am, it's beautiful to think how good He is; and there's many a sinful soul He'll save. I know; but I—I have been too bad—I have been too bad!"

It was almost the hour when she had to leave him. She could hear the turnkey coming along the corridor, locking the men into their cells, and she knew that in a few minutes he would reach Hill's door.

"John," she said, "I will tell you some words out of the Scriptures which you can easily remember, and you must say them over often to yourself to-night when you are lying awake, and try to understand really what they mean, and I think they will help you to believe what I have told you. Now listen," and speaking very distinctly, she slowly pronounced the words, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" She made him repeat them after her several times, and then as she heard the turnkey's step at the door she rose and said, "Now, remember John, that Blood cleanses from all sin—ALL—there is nothing too great for its cleansing power in all that any one of us has done amiss, if only we are penitent."

Hill opened his lips as if to speak, but Perry came in, and he could only thank her gratefully and turn his face to the wall, as the grating sound in the lock told him he was again alone. But the last words she had spoken abode with him. He heard them repeated to him again and again through the long dark watches of the night by the Voice that one day shall awake the dead, but that now, soft and low as the whisper of a mother to her dying child, breathed into his soul the ineffable sweetness of that truth—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He struggled long against conviction, as the dark tide of memory swept over his shrinking spirit and brought back in blackest hues the deadly evils of the life now ebbing to its close. It was a mortal agony through which the prisoner passed that night; but there was One standing by his side who had carried up all human sympathies even to the throne of



God — One who had counted the beatings of that poor erring heart through all the sinful years that had so nearly wrecked him on the shores of death — seen the first wandering of his steps on paths of evil — noted each temptation — watched the widening circles of growing wickedness — and finally in merciful severity brought pain and anguish over him, till now forlorn and helpless he lay at the blessed Feet, too hopeless even to ask for mercy. But the pierced Hand is laid upon him, the voice ever murmuring the same divine sweet words, the promise of cleansing for all sin, penetrates into the most secret depths of that remorseful, longing spirit, and when the earliest streak of day glimmers through the narrow window of the cell, there is another dawn within the prisoner's soul, the first faint trembling ray of that sun of eternity which shall one day burst on the redeemed in everlasting glory.

As Miss M—— bent over him in some anxiety next morning, he raised his beseeching eyes to her face and said — “Oh! ma'am, if His blood cleanses from all sin, then mine — even mine” — his voice became choked, and he could say no more.

From that day the dogged, sullen prisoner became the most humble and gentle of penitents. He listened greedily to every word that was spoken to him of the Divine Redeemer, for whom his whole soul was gasping now, and day by day, though never confident, never presumptuous, and often full of agonizing fears, he grew more and more in the trembling hope that the love of Christ might conquer even his great guilt.

Side by side with this growth of his spirit, however, his bodily strength was decaying, and ever as life grew feebler in his frame, the mere human longing to be released from his captivity grew stronger in his heart and more intolerable. With the usual deceitfulness of his malady, he was always fancying he was better, and would not believe he was so near death as those around him knew to be the case; the pining for the fresh air, and the sight of the blue sky and the green fields, seemed to be an absolute physical sensation which he had no power to overcome. He had become most anxious to submit himself to the will of God in all things, and constantly said that he knew no suffering could be too great for his deserts, but he would look up pitifully at Miss M——, and say —

“I don't want to be spared any of my punishment, ma'am. I would not ask, if I could, to be let out before my time; but oh, when the day of my release does come, don't let them keep me here a minute longer.

I'm very weak and ill, I know, and I can't sit up in bed very well, but I shall be able to walk out of the prison, you may be sure of that.”

Miss M—— felt certain he could not stand up if he tried, but she thought it might be possible to remove him, and as she found that in talking over his arrangements with the doctor and chaplain, he always said he did not care where he went, provided only she came to see him every day, she set his mind at rest by promising that she would place him in a house where she could take the entire charge of him herself.

The time was drawing very near when his term of imprisonment would expire, and the spiritual change in the once-despairing man became very remarkable. He was gentle and child-like in his intercourse with those around him, full of humble gratitude for any kindness shown to him; and though at times he had paroxysms of remorse for his evil life, yet he never lost sight of the unutterable Love, to which he clung with the hope that it would shelter even him. So satisfied was the chaplain of the truth and depth of his repentance, that he offered to give him the Holy Sacrament before he left the prison — as there was reason to fear that his death might be hastened by his removal in his excessively weak state.

It was a long time before the poor prisoner could believe that he might dare to receive so great a blessing, but when it had been fully explained to him, he became extremely anxious for it, and looked forward eagerly to the holy service. It was decided that it should take place on the morning of the day of his release.

He had been growing rapidly worse, and on the previous evening, when Miss M—— left him, it was with great misgivings as to the possibility of carrying out his ardent wish for removal from the gaol. She had told him the arrangements she had made for his reception in a house where she would watch over him herself, so that his mind was quite at rest on the subject; and in the full assurance that he would be set at liberty next day, he gave himself up to the comfort of hearing, quietly and happily, all that she could tell him on the one subject that filled his whole soul — the hope of pardon and eternal peace.

“To-morrow will be the grandest day of all my life,” he said to Miss M——, as she was leaving him. “It seems too good to be true, that I can be going to take the Sacrament — a poor, sinful wretch like me: and then'll come my release!”

When Miss M—— reached the gaol next

morning, at the hour fixed for the service, she was told that the doctor had just left Hill, and that he pronounced him to be so seriously worse, that all thought of his leaving the gaol must be given up, although the term to which he had been sentenced was now at an end. He was unmistakably dying; he might linger some few days where he was, but the attempt to move him would be fatal at once.

It was evident that some suspicion as to the doctor's opinion had found its way into Hill's mind, though the turnkey assured Miss M—— that nothing had been said to him on the subject. The first words with which he greeted her were an earnest entreaty that she would see he was removed from the gaol as soon as the service was over. He was propped up in the bed, his eyes brilliant with fever, his whole frame quivering with excitement.

"Miss M——, you'll see that they let me have my release to-day, won't you? I'm free by the law now. I might have gone out at seven this morning, if I hadn't wanted to stay for the Sacrament, but you won't let them keep me here after the chaplain's gone? You'll see as I gets my release. My dear lady, promise me as you will."

She would not deceive him, yet she could not bear to disappoint the hope of so many dreary months, particularly at a moment when she specially wished his mind to be calm for the service in which he was going to be engaged.

"John, you may be sure no one would wish to keep you here if you were able to be moved, and you must trust me that I will do the best I can for you. You do trust me, do you not?"

"Indeed I well may, ma'am, for you've done me nothing but good since the first day you told me I had found a friend — such a friend as you've been, to be sure!" and his voice faltered.

"Then, dear John, trust me now, and put all thoughts out of your mind except the holy service in which you are going to join. I will read to you till the chaplain comes."

He instantly laid his hands together with a childlike movement of meekness and submission, and remained intensely interested in the solemn words she was reading till the clergyman came, followed by one of the turnkeys, who had wished to join in the communion.

They knelt down on the cold floor, while the prisoner lay on his bed with folded hands and deathlike face, weeping quiet tears of penitence and thankful hope, while in the cold dark cell the holy rite was cele-

brated which breathes such wondrous promise of eternal light and life.

The chaplain's voice died away in the last blessing, and after a few minutes of perfect silence they rose and stood by the prisoner's bedside. Miss M—— was greatly struck by the intense calm of his expression; all excitement seemed to have passed away, he lay perfectly still, and his eyes were fixed on the window at which he had gazed so long, but with a deep and solemn look which showed that his longing now was for the free airs of eternity, and for the light of that land whose sunshine is love. He said not a word of his release as his friend bent over him and softly whispered that she would leave him quiet now, but would come to him again in a few hours — he merely pressed her hand and murmured some low words of thanks.

It was a lovely day in the early summer, and as Miss M—— felt the odorous breeze sweeping past her, and saw the glorious beauty of the cloudless heaven, she seemed to sympathize as she had never done before with the poor prisoner's longing to exchange the dark walls and cold damp air of the cell for the blessed sight of all this summer radiance. Her heart was full of pitying thoughts for him, and a faint hope that she might be able to remove him even yet, as she once more stood, late in the afternoon, at the gate of the gaol.

As soon as it was opened she learned that the order of release had come indeed.

"He's taken for death, ma'am," said the turnkey, "and we were just going to send for you; the doctor thinks he won't live the day out."

She went up at once to his cell; a great change had taken place — the grey shadow, which once seen is never forgotten, lay on his calm, solemn face — the dark eyes, which were partially covered by the heavy lids, seemed to see nothing earthly, and his whole attitude appeared to imply the repose of perfect submission.

"The chaplain has read the last prayers, ma'am," said the turnkey, "and he told us there was nothing more to be done, but to let him lie quiet till the end comes; perhaps you would like to stay with him."

"I should," she said, and he left her alone with the dying man. Miss M—— sat down beside him, and took his cold hand in hers. Slowly he turned his eyes and fixed them full upon her, continuing to gaze steadily at her for some minutes. It was a strange look, so full of meaning, of intense feeling, and yet of a solemn awe, which seemed to say that he had passed already to a state of being where the sympathies of earth could

touch him no more. She spoke a few quiet words, but he did not seem to hear her; and when he had looked at her thus intently for a little time, he as slowly withdrew his gaze, and a sort of impenetrable calm passed over him from which no sound or movement had power to rouse him. Thus for some hours he lay—at times a smile such as none had ever seen upon his lips within the prison walls, would gleam on his wan face. He would seem to listen to words which none but himself could hear, and his lips would move as if in reply, and then he relapsed into perfect calm. Sometimes Miss M—wiped the death dews from his forehead, or tried to give him a little wine, but he seemed perfectly unconscious of her attempts, and at last she desisted, and simply watched him in silence. So he lay while the early night of the prison cell gathered round him, and on through the dark hours, when all the earth was steeped in rest, and then at last, when the starry beauty of the summer night was kindled in the vault of heaven, the hour of liberty arrived—his soul was brought out of prison—the long-desired release was his; but even as the merciful Father gives fruition a thousand fold beyond our hopes to even our most feeble prayers, it was not only release from earthly captivity and dungeon gloom, but from the tyranny of a life which had been all darkness but for the sunset glow of hope which brightened its sad close—from the fierce struggle with evil, the torture of temptation, the cruelty of oppression and contempt, the anguish of homelessness and want. The prisoner was released, and far beyond the stars the enfranchised spirit flew to look on the Divine face of Him who is the one true Friend—the Lamb of God whose blood alone cleanses from all sin.

F. M. F. SKENE.

From The Spectator.

#### CATS AND CIVILIZATION.

DR. ROLLESTON, of Oxford, one of the most eminent physiologists of the day, tells us in the first number of the new series of the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology* that the Cat, though domesticated in Egypt, was never tamed by the Romans, who used the white-breasted marten (*mustela foina*) for the same sort of purposes, mousing and rat-devouring, for which we use the cat. Egypt, indeed, had made the cat her own, and something more, for she mingled mysti-

cism with her regard, and gave it altars as well as milk. But Rome, who extended her rule so far and wide over barbarians of Scythia and barbarians of Britain, who civilized so many races with her grave and patient justice, never civilized the cat. The cat remained to the Romans, says Dr. Rolleston, the thief of the poultry yard, but never became the humble dependent of the house. In the ancient world it needed the more feline nature of Orientals to appreciate fully its grace and its repose, its strictly limited ferocity of nature developed only towards inferiors, the complete union of its capacities for domestic quiet and useful carnivorous energy, its art of sleepily ignoring man and yet utterly depending on him, its utter want of restless anxiety concerning human affairs, its lazy vigilance for meals, and finally, its Buddhist thirst for Nigban (or Nirvana)—absorption in absolute vacuity of mind—when not under the dominion of any appetite. This was not the kind of creature over whom Romans were likely to exercise sway. They could not rule the cat by any sense of justice. Indeed, it is something of a surprise to us to find that even the white-breasted marten or weasel was sufficiently open to the sense of law to have been in any degree domesticated by that national genius for military and judicial government. Perhaps it was the invading spirit of the white-breasted marten which succumbed to the Roman genius of conquest. Dr. Rolleston tells us that the marten, which, like a recent parliamentary party, was strictly troglodyte, destroyed its enemies by following them into their holes, not by catching them when outside. This must have been the quality which endeared to it the Roman rule, and made the martens submit to the domestic yoke of a people so successful in piercing in similar operations the wildest retreats of its mountain enemies. The cat, though aggressive on its peculiar prey, does not possess the genius for territorial invasion, and would not therefore have been likely to have been drawn towards the Romans, like the weasel, by this peculiar genius of his. The cat lurks in ambush, where the weasel invades, and the former was never a favourite Roman manœuvre. It is not perhaps, then, so surprising that the cat had to wait its time for being taken up into the essence of European civilization, till the European genius became modified to some extent by the more subtle spirit of the East. It was in Constantinople,—the very nearest point to Asia,—if we understand Dr. Rolleston aright, that the cat first made her appear-

ance as a domestic animal. She seems to have passed into the domestic life of Europe soon after the first General Council, and from Constantinople to have moved westward. Her approach was everywhere welcome, for, as she had gained apotheosis in Egypt by protecting the grain harvests of the Nile from the marauding rats and mice, so in Europe she has been able to keep down these hungry creatures quite as successfully as the weasel, and to adapt herself more completely to human habits and to local attachments as well. Dr. Rolleston points out that cats, besides being gentler, and cleaner, are less "plastic" in their habits than weasels, — less disposed, that is, to run wild, and in many climates even incapable of supporting themselves by their own wits in the wilderness in the absence of man; — in other words, while the presence of man is not necessary to the weasel, but only the weasel (in the absence of the cat) to man, the tie between the cat and man is a double one, he being as important to her as she to him.

And this it is which determines the relation of cats to our domestic life. They are not allies and companions, like dogs. They make no attempt to take a part in human affairs, as dogs do. They undertake no responsibilities of guarding the houses, or protecting the persons, or joining in the sports of man. They will not disturb themselves if burglars break into the dwelling, or if violence assaults their protectors. They are not conservatives, like dogs, curious of suspicious characters, furious against uninvited strangers. Nor are they liberals like dogs, in the welcome they give to change, and the joy with which they transfer themselves to fresh fields and pastures new. Like Gallio, they care for none of these things. These things they regard as concerning men, and as being "matters of their law," into which they have not even the curiosity to inquire. They are bound to men only as birds are bound to the forest, as affording the conditions under which they can most conveniently live, not as having sympathies with them, but as providing the warm nooks, the scraps of food, and the moral influence by which they are saved from want and protected from their natural enemies. They probably have no idea that they are valued for their propensity to slay and scatter mice, and imagine that they are only superfluously indulging the bent of a native genius for "natural selection," when they are really performing the one function for which they are treasured by thrifty housekeepers, and for which they receive

the "grant-in-aid" of a milky "payment by results." They are as unconscious as Mr. Carlyle could wish men to be of their one genius and merit as attendants on our domestic civilization. You will see dogs full of pride at the accomplishment of their little tasks, and looking up to men for recognition. But there is nothing of this about the cat. She is as innocent of merit as if she had been brought up a Calvinist. If she catches a mouse she is excited, but not proud. She looks for no praise, her carnivorous instinct is its own reward. She will, indeed, often attach herself to individuals, and in that case greatly enjoys being fondled, but this is rather due to the keen appreciation of protection and patronage, and the tokens thereof, than to purely personal preferences. This only specimen of a domestic beast of prey (or at least the only one domesticated exactly because it is a beast of prey), and yet always accounted more domestic, and indeed more closely associated locally with home than the dog, which is not a beast of prey, seems entirely unaware of what Dr. Rolleston calls her "functional" relation to man. She may dimly know that she needs him, but has no idea that he needs her, and hence, no doubt, the complete *abandon* and restfulness of her domestic character. The dog is always straining upwards. He feels the electric power of human influence. His duties to manward are duties of moral selection, of true loyalty, and of fierce antagonism. But the cat is a pure creature of natural selection. She is selected by man for encouragement, because the mice are selected by her for destruction.

One great interest of the cat considered in relation to the philosophy of civilization, is the entire failure of Mr. Buckle's law to account for her semi-civilization. Mr. Buckle held, we know, that the accumulation of new knowledge was the 'one sole' cause of civilization, — that civilization goes on *pari passu* with the accumulation of knowledge. And this theory might fairly be supposed to apply to the civilization of the dog, the horse, and even, perhaps, the parrot. There is no doubt that what these creatures learn from man is, in some measure, at least, the cause of their milder nature. A dog is always high or low in the scale of moral affections in some proportion — we will not say in exact proportion — to its intelligent curiosity and interest in affairs. But none of the three species are beasts of prey, as the cat in its wild state is. And she, we may fairly say, has intellectually learned absolutely nothing from

man. She is a far keener and more acute being when out on the trail of a bird than when most domestic in her mood. She changes her whole mental attitude, when on an expedition, to one of superior alertness, as much as the wild Indian who was sunk in plethoric sleep for days previous does when he puts on his war paint, and stealthily returns to the trail of his enemy. The cat which you see with ears erect stealing through the shrubbery is quite a different being from the one attaining "Nigban" in her mistress' lap, or on the hearthrug before the fire. And yet civilization does graft something upon her which is worth more than her savage acuteness, though it is not new knowledge. It is the need of a higher companionship of some sort, though she spends most of her time no more aware of that companionship than she can be in a dreamless sleep:—for the cat never dreams as the dog does. However indigestible she may find her food, you never hear her growl, or start, or cry in her sleep, as the dog does when his dreams present imaginary enemies. And yet she is sensible of the pleasure of companionship even in sleep, and a civilized cat,—a cat of any high breed,—will usually prefer to slumber in the room with her personal friends to slumbering in loneliness. We know a cat which, confined for 'functional' purposes to the stable and the loft over it, always comes to sleep on the back of the pony, which the pony evidently approves of, as giving him also a sense of the sublime feeling of protection, indeed, as directly inverting the feeling which he has with a rider on his back, and substituting for it one of positive patronage. There is no doubt that what civilizes the cat is not in the least any intellectual influence exercised over her by man, for, on the contrary, his presence half extinguishes the little intellect she has, but is, on the contrary, a dumb, pleasurable sense of companionship with a creature who is her superior. The place of her half extinguished instincts as a beast of prey, is supplied by a graft of an almost equally instinctive and entirely torpid pleasure in the protection of superiors. And yet it is not to the species man, but to the individuals that she feels thus. There is no creature which less likes strangers than the cat. She objects, perhaps, to the disturbing magnetic influences they introduce with them. While the dog first barks at and then welcomes them, stretching out quite cordially the right hand of fellowship, as clearly understanding that his master approves,—and while the parrot falls into a

silent fit, and studies, in order to reproduce them,—the cat simply absents herself, if she be a cat of the less intensely soporific and apoplectic sort. She regards strangers, as Turks and other Orientals are said to regard Englishmen, and as scientific men regard miracles, as disturbances of the order of Nature, who should be jealously distrusted. The civilization of the cat is purely customary and habitual; the dog's in many respects one of activity, and even sharpened by competition. In their dependent relation to man they differ as much as the Conservative idea of what the masses ought to be, differs from the Radical idea. Mr. Disraeli says he is for 'popular privileges' as against 'democratic rights.' That expresses very well the relation of the cat to those who feed her, as contrasted with that of the dog. At the accustomed meal time she will rush in with a cry almost of nervous agony lest the proper moment be gone by. She is importunate to the last degree till her customary claim has been satisfied, but then she never encroaches. She has claimed her tribute of popular privileges; she never goes on to exaggerate them into democratic rights. The dog, on the other hand, who is more radical and active, never fails to espy a new corner for possible encroachment, and unless morally taught to restrain himself, never loses sight of an opportunity where he can practise upon the observed weakness of his protectors. Mr. Mill says that wages are determined by competition and by custom. This is true of the wages of the dog as well as of the man, but the cat's are determined solely by custom. She never competes.

The interest of the cat's civilization is, then, the curiously pillowy inertness of her higher and engrafted nature. It is like her fur and velvet paws in relation to the carnivorous cravings and sharp claws which these conceal,—like the purr with which she announces her satisfaction in relation to the mew with which she proclaims her wants. The higher element in her is a mere receptivity for higher companionship,—an unconscious, inarticulate pleasure in the presence and protection of a higher creature, which, so far from 'educating' her, only blunts the edge of her carnivorous acuteness. Civilization with her is not the eliciting of new ideas, but a certain sedative administered to old ones by the partial pacification of her savage characteristics, and the growth of a new and higher class of composing associations. Civilization is almost to the cat what wealth and reputa-



tion are to the brutal side of English nature, — a soft stuffing outside the sharp, sanguinary passions, which, instead of increasing, rather deadens the keenness of the intellectual nature. Only, being a personal influence, and not an ignoble one, it is, perhaps, better in its kind than the soft, stuffy influence of mere opulence. It is enough, however, if the cat teaches us, as she certainly does, that civilization is by no means a process arising in the growth of knowledge and the accumulation of intellectual laws, — that it may be subverted up to a certain point, at least, by influences which operate chiefly as *smothering* and blunting the raw material of the original passions, rather than as educating and enlightening the nature which owns them.

From The Athenæum.

*The Emperor Maximilian, his Elevation and his Fall, from unpublished Documents — [L'Empereur Maximilien, &c., par le Comte Emile de Kératry].* (Leipzig, Duncker & Humblot; London, Williams & Norgate.)

*The Court of Mexico.* By the Countess Paula Kolonitz. Translated by J. E. Ollivant. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

*With the French in Mexico.* By J. F. Elton. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE mournful drama upon which the curtain has fallen in Mexico is so complicated in plot that audience or spectators scarcely yet understand it in all its bearings. Meanwhile, Count de Kératry has contributed towards a fuller comprehension. His book is rather the pleading of an advocate than the conclusions of a judge. His client is Marshal Bazaine, in defending whom the Count pretty well destroys the character of the Marshal's employers — the French Government.

France ostensibly went to Mexico to protect French interests, which had suffered at the hands of the local authorities. Long, however, before she had acquired the co-operation of England and Spain, and had pledged her honour that she did not seek to impose any new form of government on the Mexican nation, the plan was prepared for establishing a Mexican empire. The object was subsequently said to be the elevation of the fallen Latin race. The real object was to oppose the extension of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America, between whom and

the new empire it was hoped that a Southern dominion would be a friendly barrier.

England and Spain got out of the *maudit galère* in which they had been persuaded to embark as soon as they understood the service on which she was bound. France, "*par tout désintéressée*," went on with her work. The idea of a new Mexican empire was agreeable to the unselfishness of the clerical party in Mexico. Juárez had confiscated the Church property for the benefit of the nation. The Archbishop and his colleagues felt sure an Austrian Catholic emperor would restore the honey to the drones, and they entered heart and soul into the project of France. All seemed smiling and promising when the Arch-Duke Maximilian, a young man who could not govern his own little household or keep his own finances in order, consented, with the guarantee of France to uphold him at least till 1868, and with the pledged support of the powerful Church party, to accept that imperial crown which was shattered on the head of the Emperor Iturbide when his brains were blown out on the sands at Soto la Marina.

Mexican bonds found purchasers, and Maximilian, at Miramar, put on the Mexican military uniform. As the Countess Kolonitz sat next him at dinner on the day he first assumed that costume, Maximilian looked at the gay dress and whispered to the lady, "There never surely was anything so laughable as *this*!" When he left his native land (the Countess was in the train of the Empress Charlotte), he and his noble wife were literally covered with flowers and good wishes. Music went with him over the waters. Dress, flowers and music were simply the preliminaries of the sacrifice to which Maximilian was wending. The Mexican bondholders, with all their hilarity, were, like enthusiastic fanatics, going also to be sacrificed.

The people of Vera Cruz seemed almost to pity the victims as they stepped ashore. Their lack of congratulation looked like compassion. Further inward, where flowers abounded, more flowers than ever were heaped upon them. People flung their floral tribute and looked with curiosity at the strangers. To compare great things with small, it was like the nosegay that used to be offered at St. Sepulchre's to the handsome highwayman at whom the crowd stared as they saw him on his way to Tyburn. When the imperial party reached the capital, there was a sort of consternation at head-quarters. Maximilian had arrived somewhat sooner than was expected, and

officials looked aghast, as if the sacrificial altar was not ready, and that they were sorry to keep in suspense the victim that was to be immolated.

"Immolated!" There were the French to defend, the clergy to support, and a people who might not gainsay them; what, then, had Maximilian to fear? Everything, from the very first. The French, Austrians and Belgians together excited the bitterest hatred. They made even native Mexican Imperialists feel that they had a country, and that, next to hostile invaders, there is nothing so intolerable in one's native land as the presence of arrogant foreigners, who settle *your* affairs only with reference to *their* way of thinking. Then there was the clergy, waiting greedily for the only thing they cared about. According to them, there could be no peace in the land unless the clergy were made rich again. The empire could not prosper unless the children of St. Peter recovered the lands and wealth they had administered for no man's weal but their own. Maximilian was utterly powerless to recall an accomplished fact, and one of the pillars of his arch thereupon fell away. The Archbishop had been a zealous and outspoken advocate of the Emperor. Soon after the discovery that the Church was not to profit exclusively by the Empire, he became silent and reserved. The Countess Kolonitz once was his neighbour at the dinner-table. She found him rather a nice man, who took from every dish, ate of none, turned his head on his shoulder when spoken to, smiled and said nothing. Evidently, a very clever individual.

While the clergy would not let the Empire take root, and while the French were giving cause to poor Maximilian to cry "*Save me from my friends!*"—but without whose friendship there was no safety,—a sudden thought seems to have struck the gallant author of the third work mentioned above. He was out wild-duck shooting on the Scheldt and elsewhere; and not finding this so exciting as a man who had seen much sport and hard and honorable service in the East required his pursuits to be, he went off at once to Mexico. He had comrades as well as friends there among the gallant Frenchmen who had their hard work before them. Mr. Elton joined the men on whom the hopes of Maximilian and the Mexican bondholders rested; but he came in for little of the hard work. His journey was a trip from Vera Cruz to Saltello (with a little deviating extension), and back. His testimony with regard to the friends of

the Latin race in Mexico is, that they are very charming fellows. He evidently wonders that the Mexicans did not at all like the Frenchmen. The German Countess denounces them all in the person of Marshal Bazaine, whom she describes in an unpleasant photographic style, which makes the French Marshal look as ugly a person as can well be conceived. We certainly shall not question the lady's judgment in these matters; for she manifests her power to logically make one by asserting that, for true courtesy and politeness, the English gentleman beats the world.

Things were looking their very worst for the Transatlantic Latins when the recommendation, amounting to an order, came from the Transatlantic Anglo-Saxons, by which France was to "clear out" from Mexico. With as much dignity as could be put on to cover the nakedness of the national dishonour, France obeyed—that is, she suddenly saw that the case was hopeless, that ground gained one day was lost the next, and that there was nothing better to be done than to get out of Mexico, and carry the Emperor with them, if he would accompany them. The word pledged to help Maximilian with an armed force till 1868 was broken; but Maximilian did not despair, and would not retire. And yet *his* was a case for despair. The French abandoned him, the clerical party rejected him, the moderate Liberals betrayed him, the United States ignored him, and, at Queretaro, Juarez executed him. The poor young Prince was in the Mexican uniform which he had thought it such a laughing matter to put on at Miramar. Count de Kératry believes that he left the capital for Queretaro in the hope of being better able to enter into some negotiations with Juarez. The hope, if it existed, was as sweet and evanescent as the odour of the flowers which had been flung upon him as he left his native land. To that land his body is now returning, surrounded by *immortelles*, and waited for amid the tears of those near and dear to him, who had with smiles bidden him "*God speed!*" when he set out to assume his short-lived greatness.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

IN spite of the very natural fears of Mr. Grove, it is impossible to suppose that the effort which is now being made for the exploration of the Holy Land will be abandoned for want of funds. Whether "the great, generous, and influential body of

Freemasons" will respond to Mr. Porter's impassioned appeal "to contribute to an undertaking in which they must feel a special interest, the complete investigation of the remains of the Jewish Temple," is more than we are able to decide, but we are certain that the mass of English people simply require information as to what is being done to awaken their interest and secure their aid. Unhappily, this information has as yet hardly been given. It is the misfortune of really learned people that they find great difficulty in imagining others less learned than themselves, and the Reports which have from time to time been published by the managers of the Fund have, like the bulk of Reports, the ill-luck of being totally unintelligible save to the few who have for years devoted themselves to the vexed questions of Palestinian geography. Mr. Grove appeals to the sympathies of that unknown power, the country parson; but the country parson, eager for a little new fact about the Jerichos and Hebrons with which he is familiar, falls back aghast and dispirited before the Ains and Jebels of the Exploration Reports. It will be easier, however, for the Committee to stoop to the intelligences of the country parsons than to repair the consequences of the strange waste of popular enthusiasm with which they began. At the outset there seemed some real prospect of the religious world fairly backing the enterprise; and had Jerusalem been at once attacked, and the May Meetings tickled with photographs of the great Temple wall which the excavators have just revealed, we doubt very much whether there would be any need for suing the public in *forma pauperis*. Unfortunately, the first expedition was devoted to scientific purposes — to elaborate surveys and astronomical fixings of sites, which served admirably as a base for the proposed Ordnance Map of the Holy Land, but less admirably as a base from which to appeal to the sympathies of Exeter Hall. In spite, however, of perhaps inevitable errors, the enterprise is a really great and worthy one. The very mistakes prove an honest aversion to the mere popular claptrap under which the subject has so often been buried. The work done in the past is so valuable, and the present researches open up such unlimited prospects of further discovery, that we cannot doubt that the small sum which is required for their continuance will be at once contributed.

No more complete answer, perhaps, can be given to those who find nothing but the

action of material forces in the progress of mankind than the interest which, age after age, has attached itself to such a country as Palestine. When the most pretentious of the materialistic school sat on the Mount of Olives, he declared that his thoughts were solely occupied with the agricultural statistics of the unproductive country around; at Nazareth he could find nothing worthy of remark save the personal beauty of the Galilean girls at the well. It is odd that even Mr. Buckle did not see that the remarkable fact for him to explain was his own presence at Nazareth or at Olivet. What was the interest which had drawn him, which had drawn pilgrims like or unlike him from Constantine's day till now? Why do men long to know whether this heap of rubbish or that heap of rubbish by the shore of a deserted lake is the site of a Jewish fisher-town, the site of Capernaum; or, still more oddly, why are scholars crying out for the more accurate marking of passes and ravines, that they may gain some truer notion of the local boundaries of tribes whose tribal existence had merged into a larger national life a thousand years before the beginning of our present Christian era? The answer is simply that within our veins, and never more strongly than now, we feel the beatings of a spiritual life which leads us back from its origins to that land between the Jordan and the sea; we find those origins recorded in the wondrous series of legends, genealogies, surveys, histories, laws, poetry, which formed the literature of the ancient people of that land — a literature whose fragments, saved by the strange tenacity of the Hebrew race from the chances of ruin and exile, are preserved in the sacred books which Christendom treasures as her Bible. With the Bible the religious life of the bulk of Christian people has become intertwined; every phase of spiritual existence has been identified with the historic revolutions of the Hebrew republic or the monarchy of David. Controversies which really relate to the deepest problems of human thought and experience are being, even now, fought out ostensibly over its words. It is natural that, amid all this, men should ask more than ever what the Bible really is, and should seek illustration for the literature of a strange land in the very soil of that land itself. But it is remarkable that, haunt as it has been of pilgrims for fifteen hundred years, home as it was for more than a century of a Frank kingdom, subject of bitter dispute as it is still for Eastern and Western Christendom, there is no spot of the earth's surface which

up to our own day has been so utterly unexplored. Till the researches of Robinson, its topography was a mere system of tradition and guesswork, its physical geography almost unknown. With the exception of the shores of the Dead Sea, and the great chasm of the Jordan valley, its geology has never been scientifically treated; and this in spite of the fact that the limestone plateau which stretches from Esdraelon to Beersheba is honeycombed with the very caves whose contents in Western Europe have thrown such curious light on the question of the origin of man. There is no country which, from the abundance of its early traditions, is better adapted to throw light on the older distribution of the animal races, or where one can trace more exactly the gradual retreat of the *felidæ*, and yet it was only the other day that any attempt was made to investigate the natural history of Palestine. Among the immense collection of specimens preserved in the British Museum there are, we believe, hardly any to illustrate the fauna of a province which even in the point of scientific interest is, from its geographical position, second to none. As for its archaeology, the photographs sent home by Captains Wilson and Warren will be simply the first real contribution to the subject. To Robinson, for instance, every pointed arch marked a "Gothic" building, and antiquarian controversialists, with the help of drawings carefully adapted to their purpose, have assigned ranges of masonry alternately to David and to the Herods, and claimed actually existing arcades for Justinian and for the Crusaders! And yet on the question of archaeology a thousand curious inquiries suggest themselves. Remembering, for instance, the readiness of the Jews in the middle ages to adopt the architectural forms of the time for their synagogues, and yet by curious modifications to fit them for their new purpose, one longs to know whether the forms of Roman art were adapted after a similar fashion, and whether there are any classical parallels in Palestine to the medieval compromises of Southern France. It is plain, then, that there is a fair field for exploration, and we are bound to own that the Exploration Fund has thoroughly grasped it. Science has as yet gained little, though it was announced a short time back that one of the most eminent of English geologists was prepared to undertake an examination of the country. But topography has gained much. One winter expedition succeeded in surveying the long central range of the country; a

second traversed the great plains on either side, the Jordan valley and Philistia. More than 2,000 square miles, in fact, have been accurately surveyed; more than 300 photographs taken, plans drawn of synagogues and ancient buildings, and in the first expedition alone no fewer than forty-nine sites astronomically fixed. It is clear that from data such as these all further investigation can start with a precision and certainly which it never had before.

Tempting, however, as are the attractions of the wider field, we hold, as we before said, that the Committee have acted wisely in concentrating themselves at last on Jerusalem. Whatever interest other spots may present, the interest of all is summed up there. There was the mountain hold from which, in the narrative of Abraham, the King of Peace came down to greet the Patriarch of the Hebrew race. There was the impregnable fortress from which, long after their fellow Hittites had been swept away, the men of Jebus looked out defiantly over the settlement and strife of the invader. There stood the city of David, and the royal tombs that received one by one the long line of David's descendants. There over against it rose, fell, and rose again the great Temple which enshrined the faith of the Jew. There stood that Holy Sepulchre from which flowed the faith of Christendom. It is the Holy City of Jew, of Moslem, of Christian alike; the one fount to which all these widely diverging streams look back for their origin. It is, the one spot where Jew and Christian and Moslem still meet face to face, the home to which that strange race dispersed throughout the world clings as its own, the one point where the jealousies of Eastern and Western Christendom still rage with medieval intensity, the one point where the fated rivalry between the Turk and Christendom has taken fire in our own day, and threatens to take fire still. The City of Peace seems destined, by a special irony, to bring a sword upon the earth. At present, however, we are not so much concerned with swords as with spades, and in Jerusalem the spade has a noble field before it. Nothing but sheer digging will give us back the city of David or of Christ, buried as it is beneath the wreck of sieges and of time. The whole of the western side of the great eastern ravine, the valley of Jebosaphat, the whole southern front of Moriah and of Zion, are covered with huge heaps of debris as soft and loose as on the day when they were shot over. The central valley of the Tyropæon is filled up with rubbish to the

depth of a hundred feet. Marked indeed as the natural features of Jerusalem are, they are strangely disguised by this accumulation of two thousand years. The city itself stands on the line of the great central plateau of limestone which forms the backbone of Western Palestine, on a block scooped out from the rest of the plateau on every side but the north by the ravines of two streamlets which shut it in eastward and westward, and one of which bends round its southern front ere it joins its fellow in a common descent to the Dead Sea. The fall of these two lateral valleys is very great, some six hundred feet in little more than a mile; and the result is that, looked at across their junction from the south, Jerusalem appears to stand on the summit of a considerable cliff. A dry valley running northward, however, divides its mass into two elevations; the western, Zion, overlooking its Eastern rival of Moriah; and with these two heights, and with the valley between them, the researches of the Exploration Fund have been as yet principally concerned. Zion is in effect the city of David, the site of the palaces and tombs of the King; Moriah is the site of the Temple; the valley between, the valley of the Tyropæon, probably the site of the lower trading town. The look of the whole is still the look which the dual termination of the Hebrew name is perhaps intended to convey, that of a double city; the city of the Jebusite and the Hebrew, the capital of the composite kingdom of Israel and Judah, the joint throne of king and priest. But in any save these grander features of the site it is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than between the silent rubbish-heaps covered with lines of squalid streets which form the modern city, and the city of David and the Kings; Moriah crowned with the proud colonnades of the Temple, linked to Olivet by one immense viaduct, and spanning the Tyropæon with another; Zion covered with the gorgeous palaces, and not less gorgeous tombs, of an Eastern dynasty, the lower city buzzing with the noise of shop and bazaar, and on either side the silence of the two ravines, the homes of the dead, dotted with sepulchres, and foul with the refuse of the capital.

It is in this Tyropæon valley which cleaves, as we have seen, the heart of Jerusalem, and along the southern front of the hill Moriah, where the site of the Temple is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, that the recent excavations have been principally carried on. Shafts and

galleries have been driven through the mass of rubbish which covers the base of the Temple rock, and have revealed the enormous depth to which it has accumulated. Through the débris the cyclopean walls supporting the Temple have been traced to a depth varying from 60 to 90 feet, and the wall itself has been shown to have reached at this point a height of from 170 to 180 feet, a curious justification of a passage of Josephus, in which he describes the dizziness with which the spectator looked down into the valley beneath. The whole rock must have been honeycombed with aqueducts, cisterns, channels, and passages; thirty feet beneath the vaults which have been known to exist at its south-eastern corner a passage has now been found leading into the solid substance of the wall, and indicating probably large substructures, where it is not unreasonable to look for discoveries of no little interest. Of the two great viaducts which moored, as it were, the sacred rock of Moriah to the eastern and western hills of Zion and Olivet, the one most interesting to us as the road by which Christ entered the Temple has indeed wholly disappeared; but a single colossal abutment of the bridge which spanned the Tyropæon, the road by which the Kings passed from Zion to Moriah, remains, and the researches of Captain Warren have proved it to have been 150 feet in height. If this be — as has been remarked by Mr. Warren — the “ascent to the house of the Lord” which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we can hardly wonder that on seeing it “there was no spirit left in her.” Of minor discoveries in other quarters of the city we need take no notice here; all that has in fact been done is just to graze a single corner of the southern front of the Temple rock. Zion remains unexplored, and so does the northern city in an angle of which stands the Holy Sepulchre. But the results of what has been done are in themselves so marvellous, and promise marvels so much greater still, that we cannot believe that, when once their real character is understood in England, funds will be deficient for carrying them on upon a far grander scale. It is something to see at last the mighty front of the Temple rock as the Twelve saw it when they marvelled at the great stones which were still fresh from the chisel of Herod. But this is little compared with what a systematic exploration may be expected to reveal. And it must be remembered that no time can be more propitious than the present. Sultan



and Grand Vizier seem to have yielded to the mellifluous arguments of the Archbishop of York; and if our hopes were stirred a little too much by the announcement of the Grand Turk having taken the religion of the Giaour under his special protection, at any rate his firman has removed many of the obstacles which beset excavation in Jerusalem. Just at the present time, too, there is an unusual amount of interest shown in Biblical subjects; even an article on the Talmud furnishes topics for dinner-talk, and fair faces have been known to glow with enthusiasm in their defence of the topographical paradoxes of Mr. Ferguson. We cannot but hope that the interest which Mr. Grove's renewed appeal has excited will not be allowed to die out. At any rate we are sure that an explanation from time to time of the work which is being done, stripped of the necessary details of a Report, would be quite sufficient to excite an interest in the subject which would be far from limiting itself to the excavations at Jerusalem, but which would at once boldly attempt the investigation of all the scientific and historical problems of the Holy Land.

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From The Morning Advertiser, Nov. 26.

#### THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

CONTRIBUTIONS in aid of the Palestine Exploration Fund continue to be remitted to the proper quarter; and, short of a demand upon the humanity of the public, it would not be easy to point out any cause on which money may more profitably be expended. To every Christian country the investigation of the Holy Land must be an object of the very highest interest, all the more so inasmuch as the facilities of communication have brought it so much nearer to us that it is now within reach of any autumn tourist who may feel inclined to make a pilgrimage to the cradle of Christianity. And how intensely interesting are the associations which cling to that sacred soil! . . .

Hitherto one of the greatest obstacles to the exploration of Palestine has been the intense prejudice of the Turks, amongst whom, apart from religious antipathies, linger traditions, coming down from the days of the Crusades, most unfavourable to such a work as has been commenced and partly carried

out. English influence, the sacrifices we have made for the integrity of Turkey, the well-warranted belief that the intentions of the British Government towards the Porte are of a friendly character, have smoothed down obstacles which might otherwise have been invincible. The result thus far has been that as many as forty-nine places have been astronomically fixed, including the leading cities and sites from Baalbek to Hebron. This was the work of the first of the two expeditions which have been sent out. The second has surveyed the whole plain of Philistia, the mountain region and valley of the Jordan, from Jebel Usdam to Jezreel, and a section of Moab and Gilead extending from Heshbon to Jerash. These operations must be of the highest possible interest to Biblical scholars, but, interesting as they are, progress has already been made in discoveries of still greater importance.

The jewel of the Holy Land is Jerusalem. For obvious reasons, Bethlehem shares this glory with it. But it was in the Holy City itself that the foundation of Christianity was consummated, though some years had yet to elapse after the crucifixion before the name of Christian was to be given to the small band of poor and humble men who were to evangelize the world,—the grain of mustard-seed which was to grow up into a mighty tree. It is with regard to Jerusalem, then, that the progress of the expedition is watched with the most intense interest. It is well known that the topography of the Holy City and its sacred monuments have long been vexed questions about which the greatest uncertainty has prevailed. Nothing could be more interesting to the archæologist than an investigation that should result in reducing to certainty the doubts which have hitherto attended these points, and there is now every reason to suppose that this achievement is destined to be accomplished by the present exploration.

The Jewish historian Flavius Josephus has left us a minute description of the courses of the three ancient city walls of Jerusalem, and it has been the duty of the exploring party to trace them. Those sections of the wall of Ophel which have been exhumed prove the correctness of the description of Josephus when he states that it was joined to the south-west angle of the Temple. Again, the foundations of the Temple wall are being laid bare at a depth of ninety feet and more beneath the present surface, and the pinnacle of the Temple has just been uncovered at its base. It is, more-

over, stated that amongst the discoveries made are aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels and passages within and around the Haram, which throw new light on the buildings, arrangements, and services of the Temple. It can, therefore, hardly be doubted that the investigation will be rewarded by the discovery of the Temple itself, as well as of the Holy Sepulchre.

There could not be greater misfortune, of its kind, than the interruption of investigations which hitherto have been so successful. It is true that the discoveries already made are of a valuable character. But in such a case as this it may justly be said that nothing is done while anything remains to be done. It is one of those cases in which nothing short of complete success can be regarded as satisfactory. We have now the opportunity and the scientific means of thoroughly clearing up doubts with regard to places which must be more or less interesting to every one, but which to the Christian possess an interest which cannot be exaggerated. Captain Wilson and Lieutenants Anderson and Warren were well chosen to be the leaders of the expedition, and the local knowledge they have thus far gained renders it of the utmost importance that the expedition should be completed under their superintendence.

We can hardly think of the investigation they are making, with the consent of the Turkish Government, without our minds being carried backwards over the long track of centuries to the time of the Crusades. How changed are all things since then! The only soldiers engaged in this expedition are the staff of Royal Engineers which her Majesty's Government has placed at the disposal of the Exploration Fund, and their mission is one of peace, not of war. They go, not to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Moslem, but to find out where it is. Instead of Peter the Hermit calling Christendom to arms, the only ecclesiastic who has played a prominent part in this expedition is the Archbishop of York, who, when the Sultan visited England, represented to his Grand Vizier how agreeable to all Englishmen it would be if every facility were given to the work of exploration. Never before was there so good an opportunity of getting thoroughly through with this undertaking. And when it has been completed there can be very little doubt that its results will more than repay us for all the labour and money expended upon it.

From The Saturday Review.

#### WITH THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.\*

CAPTAIN ELTON's book hardly justifies its title. He reached Mexico in time for little else than to see the French evacuate the country. All the fighting left to share in was one raid into the enemy's territory, and this was undertaken only to prevent them from harassing the retreating troops. Captain Elton left Europe in March, 1866, and joined the French under General Douay, at Saltillo, on the 19th of the following July. Even before reaching this point, however, he had heard of the surrender of Matamoras, a disaster which, as it turned out, involved the loss of the whole of Northern Mexico to the Imperial cause. A little earlier it had seemed as though Escobedo, who then commanded the only "Liberal" force of any importance in that part of the country, must certainly be crushed by the French. He was posted at Galeana, while the French occupied Saltillo and Monterey to the north of him, Salado to the west, and Victoria to the south-east. Four columns, starting simultaneously from each of these places, were designed to converge towards Galeana, and thus enclose Escobedo in a trap. But the Mexican general had too many means of discovering the enemy's plans to allow himself to be thus caught. The country to the east, at least for some distance, was still open to him, and he moved off in the direction of Matamoras, then held for Maximilian by General Mejia with a mixed force of Austrians and Mexicans. Almost at the same moment that the news of his escape reached General Douay at Saltillo there came a despatch from General Mejia—written in ignorance of Escobedo's last move—stating that, under orders from Mexico, he had just sent off all the troops he could spare from the garrison to convey a large train of merchandise along the road to Monterey. The Imperial Government had been induced to issue this order by the offer of a large subsidy from the merchants on condition that communications should be at once restored between the two towns. General Douay, seeing the danger the convoy would run from Escobedo's troops, ordered a column instantly to leave Monterey so as to prevent it from being surprised on the road. For this purpose, however, the French arrived too late. Escobedo attacked the convoy before the support could come

\* *With the French in Mexico.* By J. F. Elton. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

up; the Mexicans deserted; and the Austrians, greatly outnumbered, were killed almost to a man. General Mejia was thus left to defend Matamoras with the comrades of the very men whose treachery had led to the defeat of the convoy. He despaired of holding out against Escobedo's superior numbers, and had nothing left him but to make the best terms he could for himself and his officers.

General Douay's subsequent march northwards from Saltillo was only intended to clear the ground in the rear of his line of retreat. It commenced on the 24th of July, six days after Captain Elton had joined. On the next day they met General Jeaningros, who had been in command at Monterey, and the united forces at once turned southwards. "Our descent from Saltillo," says Captain Elton, "was a small exodus." The Mexicans who had in any way compromised themselves by their adherence to the Imperial party knew their countrymen too well to remain in the town an hour after the French had left. These unlucky people had a hard time of it on the march. They had to travel in any kind of vehicle that could be procured, they had no means of obtaining food except in the towns, and they would have had no shelter from the bitter cold of the nights had not General Douay charitably ordered the large hospital tents to be pitched for their use. In this way the French arrived at Venado, and, after some delay, at St. Luis Potosi. Here, however, the news came that the Liberals were threatening Matehuala, where a garrison had been left to cover the retreat; and General Douay accordingly returned to protect it. Finding that the Liberals were in the Valle de Miembres, a species of *cul de sac*, or what was supposed to be such, to the eastward of Matehuala, he despatched two columns against them — one to attack in front, the other to get into their rear. It turned out, however, that there was a path leading out of the further end of the valley which was just practicable for cavalry. Of this the Liberals availed themselves, and though the French pursued them hotly for three days, they never succeeded in coming up with them. This formed the whole of Captain Elton's military experience in Mexico. The only conclusion to be drawn from his hasty observations is that the fate of any European occupation was really sealed from the first. There were no materials in the country of which it could lay hold. Brigandage was universal, and the Mexicans preferred paying black mail occasionally to the guerilla chiefs to

making any serious effort to put them down. The conformation of the country is not suited for the movement of regular troops. As to the native irregulars employed by the Imperialists, they were all of them ready to desert on the first opportunity; and while they were waiting for the favourable moment, they did not disdain to act as spies. Instead of the Imperialists raising the standard of military morality, they speedily sank to, or rather they never really rose above, the level of their degraded enemies.

It will be seen, therefore, that the nominal promise of Captain Elton's narrative is but poorly performed. But his book has the incidental merit which belongs to a genuine sketch of a strange country; and his observations, hasty and fragmentary as they are, may give a better notion of the scenes he visited than is to be gained from some more ambitious volumes. In this respect his efforts are aided by a number of very clever drawings of persons and places; though unfortunately these are scattered quite at random over his pages, and are as often as not unaccompanied by any verbal description. Of the city of Mexico he gives an attractive picture: —

Arriving, as we did, by the Peñon Viejo, the many towers and domes of the innumerable religious edifices, the large extent of the city, the wide-spreading waters of the lakes, the pure clear air and delightful temperature of the climate — above all, perhaps, the association of ideas — produce a series of impressions decidedly in favour of Mexico.

Nor does this satisfaction grow less upon a nearer view. On the contrary, when "fairly landed on the grand plaza and under the shadow of the imposing cathedral,"

The scene is busy and gay; men, women, and children of all shades, from the pure-blooded Indian to the pale-faced Mexican beauty, hurry and throng under the arcades selling and buying fruit, vegetables, trinkets, and "Palais-Royal" jewellery, keeping up the whole time a most incessant clatter of tongues. The colour is very effective; the Indian women in bright dresses and still more dazzling zarapes contrast strikingly with the sombre attire of the Mexican ladies, who with black mantillas gracefully thrown over their masses of dark hair, and cunningly closed over the lower part of the face, disclose just enough beauty to make one wish that a passing gust of wind might disarrange those careless and enticing folds, and reveal a little more of their pretty faces and neat figures to the passers-by. Without an exception the fair sex walk magnificently, and have that thorough-bred air which so generally characterizes women of Spanish race; they dress, be-

sides, with exquisite taste, and their black eyes and long eyelashes go far to compensate for the slovenliness and dirt of the Indian maidens, who appear to be born with a natural antipathy to water and cleanliness.

There are one or two tolerable hotels, and one restaurant — only one, however — “where you can be sure of a good dinner.” The baths are numberless, and all clean and neatly kept. The great plaza is laid out with broad paths and a profusion of flowers, and there is a good public garden, “shaded by magnificent trees.” On two sides of the city stretch shady drives, which — one in Lent, the other during the rest of the year — are crowded every evening with carriages and horsemen. In the suburbs are two large gardens, where the Mexicans resort for breakfast or dinner :—

They are in fact the Richmond and Greenwich of Mexico. You can get a capital dinner, and the wines are excellent, but the prices are fabulous; from 3*l.* to 4*l.* a head, without any wine, is by no means their highest charge; and a good deal of money can be consumed at either of these two resorts in an incredibly short space of time.

Somewhat farther off is Chahultepec, the “summer palace” of the successive rulers of Mexico, and an abundance of charming country-houses, most of them however badly looked after, and with a luxuriance of weeds and thick grass sprouting up upon the carriage drives and walks.

Travelling in Mexico is less pleasant when once the valleys are left behind. Much of the soil of the higher ground “consists of a barren white soil producing nothing but a ragged dried-up moss,” with various species of cactus cropping up through the fissures in the rock. Naturally a few days’ toilsome marching through such a country as this enhances the beauty of the towns in the valleys, usually embosomed in groves of trees, above which rise a multitude of domes and steeples that reminded Captain Elton of an Indian city. The produce of the country is chiefly raised on large farms, haciendados, the proprietor of which lives for the most part in the cities, and leaves all his affairs to be looked after by a resident steward. All these haciendados are built on a pretty uniform plan. In the centre of the main farm stands the hacienda, “a large quadrangular stone building, frequently loop-holed and fortified, with all the windows upon the outside strongly barred.” To the right of the doorway is

the store at which the Indians on the estate are obliged to purchase all their food, clothing, and whatever other necessities they want. To the left is the private room of the manager, whether owner or steward. Straight in front opens a large court-yard with a shaded fountain in the centre, and a profusion of flowers under the verandah. Beyond this again come the stables, and somewhere in the same block the chapel. The farm buildings are always placed at a considerable distance from the hacienda, to prevent their serving as shelter to an enemy. The whole property, which contains perhaps from ten to fifteen square leagues of land, is subdivided into smaller farms, or devoted to vast runs of pasture land covered with herds of half-wild cattle and horses. The peones, or field hands, are free in name, and that is all. Living and dying on the estate, they are always heavily in debt to the store, and are consequently compelled to remain, if for nothing else, at least to work out their obligations in this respect.

In a later chapter Captain Elton gives an outline of the history of that brief Empire which began and ended with Maximilian. The key to the position throughout is to be found in the attitude of the Church party. They invited Maximilian in the first instance, intending to use his Government simply as a means of re-establishing the power and influence of their own adherents. The original mistake committed by France and Austria lay in the supposition that there existed in Mexico any party of order. The Emperor was never regarded by the natives as anything more than a good card to be played by one faction against the other. The Church party soon broke with the Emperor. That he was willing to concede much went for nothing, in their eyes, unless he was prepared to concede everything. They demanded, for instance, a restitution of the confiscated ecclesiastical estates. But when the Emperor appointed a Commission to assess the compensation to be paid to the present owners, who had mostly bought their titles from the Republican Government, the Church party wholly rejected any such compromise, and insisted upon unconditional restitution. When they found the French were about to leave, they did at last begin to understand the situation, and from that time onward they seemed to have done their best to support the Imperialists. But the forces which, united, might have changed the face of the country, were powerless apart; and the only result of the return of the Church party to the side of Maximilian

was to feed him with false hopes of eventual success, and to prolong the disastrous struggle in which, little more than a year later, he sacrificed his life.

## DIVES AND LAZARUS.

LAZARUS, that weary Lazarus again! —  
Why can't a man rest quiet?" So Dives spake  
With Lazarus' petition in his hand.  
Then laying it on the table, let it wait  
Through all the courses of the sumptuous feast,  
Till came the olives and the dark-red wine.  
And then he broke the seal, and thus he read: —  
"Right Reverend Father," so the letter ran  
(For Dives was a Bishop) "may a man,  
Most poor in all things, but in that most poor  
Wherein he should be rich, most poor in faith,  
Have from you ghostly counsel and advice?  
I only ask the parings of the feast,  
In which you, furnished unto all good works,  
Rich in a faith which mountains can remove,  
Sit day by day, deeming you feed on Christ."  
Here Dives stopped, with an impatient word: —  
"Advice," he said, "I gave the man advice,  
To keep his living and to hold his tongue,  
And now he pesters me, — at dinner, too!"  
Then he read on: — "My Lord, that I might  
prove,

At least, that I am honest, I resigned  
This day all benefits that I received,  
In virtue of the doctrines which I held,  
But hold no longer. Poor am I indeed  
In purse, and yet the weight of poverty  
More lightly presses than the weight of doubt,  
And fiercer is the craving of the soul  
Than hunger of the flesh. My sores cry out,  
Wounded I lie in darkness, seeking light."  
And so it ended. Dives turned it o'er  
Once and again, as if he sought within  
Something he did not find there, and his face,  
Courteous, comfortable, and bland, expressed  
Utter bewilderment. It seemed to him,  
As much as if a man of choice preferred,  
That Christmas night, the bitter cold outside,  
The howling wind, that wailed as if its voice  
The woe of all the human race expressed: —  
The wide wild moor, with heaps of driven snow,  
To that room, bright with artificial light,  
Filled full with all the good things of this world.  
Thus Dives in his microcosm deemed  
Of him who sought the infinite outside.  
And Dives wrote that Lazarus was to blame, —  
Such doubts were sent as punishment for sin;  
And as a righteous man ne'er begs his bread,  
So a good man can never come to doubt.  
All was as clear as day in Dives' eyes,  
From Genesis to the Apocalypse.  
And on he pressed some pages. At the end  
He wrote: — "If after all convincing words  
Like these I send, you choose to starve in soul,  
I cannot help you further. I must beg,  
As one on whom the eyes of all the world

Are fixed, though all unworthy [Dives here  
Paused with a thrill of sweet humility],  
That I have not the scandal at my door,  
And in my diocese, of doubt like yours."  
Thus Lazarus was driven forth to starve.

*Spectator.*

## MENTANA.

LION-HEARTS of young Italy!  
Field where none died in vain!  
Beardless boys and famine-gaunt  
Corpses along the plain, —  
Did not enough of ye die  
On the field where none died in vain,  
Lion-hearts of young Italy!

Field where death was victory,  
Blood that gush'd not in vain  
When the deadly rife of France  
Pour'd its floods of iron rain;  
'Neath the pine-dotted slopes of Tivoli  
The triumph is with the slain,  
Lion-hearts of young Italy!

Noble error, if error,  
To make their fatherland one —  
Through her five-and-twenty centuries  
Rome counts no worthier son  
Than he who led them to die  
Where death and triumph were one, —  
Lion-hearts of young Italy

For the blood of Mentana  
To the blood of Thermopylae calls,  
And the blood of Marathon answers;  
Not in vain, not in vain he falls  
Who stakes his life on the die  
When the voice of Freedom calls,  
Lion-hearts of young Italy!

Passionate instinct for truth,  
Children and heroes in one,  
Reason higher than reason,  
Light from beyond the sun: —  
Did not enough of ye die  
To bind your country in one,  
Lion-hearts of young Italy!

Pity not them as they lie  
Crown'd with the fortunate dead;  
Pity not them, but the foe, —  
For the precious drops that they shed  
Sow but the seed of victory!  
Pity the foe, not the dead,  
Lion-hearts of young Italy!

Yours, to be martyrs of God,  
Yours, for your country to die,  
Yours, to be *Men of Mentana*,  
Highly esteem'd 'mong the high: —  
Theirs, to look on at your victory!  
For did not enough of ye die,  
Lion-hearts of young Italy!



Brief the day of November,  
 Long to the remnant that fought;  
 Boys too young for the battle,  
 Naked and hunger-distraught:—  
 No, not too young to die,  
 Falling where each one fought,  
 Lion-hearts of young Italy!

F. T. P.

—Spectator.

## LAYING A FOUNDATION STONE.

OCTOBER 5, 1867.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"The Holy Church throughout all the world doth  
 acknowledge Thee."

AFTER harvest dew and harvest moonshine,  
 Lay the stone beneath this autumn sunshine;  
 Ere the winter frosts the leaves are thinning;  
 Let the workmen see the work's beginning;  
 Let the slender pillars, rising higher,  
 Catch new glimpses of the sunset fire,  
 And the sheltering walls, fresh beauty showing,  
 Day by day be strengthening and growing;  
 Though full many a weary task be meted  
 Ere the perfect fabric is completed.

Work in faith, good neighbour beside neighbour  
 Work, and trust heaven's smile upon the labour;

Ay, though we who in the sunshine stand here,  
 Joining voice to voice, and hand to hand here,  
 Ere the moss has grown o'er wall and column,  
 Shall be sleeping in a silence solemn,  
 Or in clearer light and purer air,  
 Busy about His business, *other-where*.

Ay, though in the mystery of mysteries  
 Lying underneath our strange world-histories,  
 'Midst of labour earnest, wise, and fervent,  
 The good Master may call many a servant,  
 Sudden rest may fall on wearied sinews;—  
 Workers drop and die—the work continues.  
 God names differently what we name "failing,"  
 In a glory-mist his purpose veiling—  
 One by one He moves on us hands anointed  
 By His hands, to do our task appointed.  
 But the dimness of our fleshly prison  
 Hides the total splendour of the vision.

Grant us, Lord, behind that veil to feel Thee,  
 In our humble life-work to reveal Thee:  
 Doing what we can do, and believing  
 One, with Thee, are giving and receiving.

So, this happy sunshine the act gilding,  
 Lay the stone, and may God bless the building!

—Good Words.

## FAMILY MUSIC.

BESIDE the window I sit alone,  
 And I watch as the stars come out,  
 I catch the sweetness of Lucy's tone,  
 And the mirth of the chorus' shout:  
 I listen and look on the solemn night,  
 Whilst they stand singing beneath the light.

Lucy looks just like an early rose  
 (Somebody else is thinking so),  
 And every day more fair she grows  
 (Somebody will not say me no),  
 And she sings like a bird whose heart is blest'd  
 (And Somebody thinks of building a nest!)

And now she chooses another tune,  
 One that was often sung by me:—  
 I do not think that these nights in June  
 Are half so fine as they used to be,  
 Or 'tis colder watching the solemn night,  
 Than standing singing beneath the light.

Lucy, you sing like a silver bell,  
 Your face is fresh as a morning flower—  
 Why should you think of the sobs which swell  
 When leaves fall fast in the autumn bower?  
 Rather gather your buds and sing your song,  
 Their perfume and echo will linger long.

I'm grey and grave,—and 'tis quite time  
 too,—  
 I go at leisure along my ways;  
 But I know how life appears to you,  
 I know the words that Somebody says:  
 As old songs are sweet, and old words true,  
 So there's one old story that's always new!

There is a grave that you do not know,  
 A drawer in my desk that you've never  
 seen,  
 A page in my life that I never show,  
 A love in my heart that is always green:  
 Sing out the old song! I fear not the pain,  
 I sang it once—Lucy, sing it again!

Isabella Fyvir.

—Good Words.

SEA-SICKNESS. — Who will try the old homeopathic "remedy how they that are not accustomed to pass the Sea may anyoide perbreaking or casting? He that will passe the Sea, must (a few dayes before hee take Shipping) mingle the Sea-water with his Wine. This is a remedy for them that be rich; but if it bee a poor man, then he must drinke Sea-water onely, that hee may the easier eschew casting. The reason hereof is, because the Sea-water is salt, and so with his saltnesse, and stipticitie that followeth saltnesse, it closeth the mouth of the stomacke, and thereby anyoide casting."—  
*Schoole of Salerne.*